

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

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SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 1929.

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THE GOVERNMENT'S DECISION

MR. SNOWDEN AND THE BALFOUR NOTE ... J. M. KEYNES

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECHES

NEGROES AND A PRODUCER FRANCIS BIRRELL

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (*Continued*)



Feeling Your Age

A time comes in most men's lives when they feel a little envious of the younger generation. But really there is no need. Age, of course, cannot be prevented, but that "old" feeling can be retarded if we only take care of our nervous system. For many years past, doctors have been warning us that our nerves suffer

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TRADE **"FELLOWS"** MARK

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MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

ADELPHI. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
APOLLO. Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.
DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
FORTUNE. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
GAIETY. Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
GARRICK. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

"MR. CINDERS."
 "LITTLE ACCIDENT."
 "THE NEW MOON."
 "THESE FEW ASHES."
 "AREN'T WE ALL?"
 "LOVE LIES."
 "THE LADY WITH A LAMP."

HIPPODROME. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL."
LONDON PAVILION. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. "WAKE UP AND DREAM."
LYRIC, Hammersmith. Wed., Sat., 2.30. LA VIE PARISIENNE.
ST. JAMES'S. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. "FAME."
SAVOY. Mon., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. JOURNEY'S END.
WINTER GARDEN. Wed., Sat., 2.30. FUNNY FACE.
WYNDHAM'S. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. MAJOR BARBARA.

THEATRES.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 6522.) A New Musical Comedy. "MR. CINDERS."
 EVGS., 8.15 MON., WED., SAT., 2.30. **BINNIE HALE. BOBBY HOWES.**
 "The best musical show for years."—*Daily Express.*

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.) EVGS., 8.15. Last Performance, April 27.
 "PLUNDER." A New Farce by Ben Travers.
 TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.
 LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

APOLLO. (Gerr. 6970.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
 LYNNE OVERMAN in "LITTLE ACCIDENT."
 "CONTINUOUS LAUGHTER SUCCESS."—*Daily Sketch.*

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171.) EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., at 2.30.
 "THE NEW MOON." A Romantic Musical Play.
 EVELYN LAYE, GENE GERRARD, HOWETT WORSTER.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.) OWEN NARES in
 "THESE FEW ASHES." By Leonard Ide.
 EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., 2.30.

FORTUNE (Temple Bar 7373-4.) AREN'T WE ALL?
 ELLIS JEFFREYS, FRANK CELLIER, PHYLLIS DARE.

EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

GAIETY. (Gerr. 2780.) EVENINGS, 8.15. Mats., Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
 "LOVE LIES." A New Musical Play.
 LADDIE CLIFF. STANLEY LUPINO.
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GARRICK. (Gerr. 9513.) EVENINGS, 8.15. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
 "THE LADY WITH A LAMP."
 By Reginald Berkeley.

HIPPODROME, London. (Ger. 0650.)
 Evenings, at 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30.

"THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL."
 ERNEST TRUOX. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
 HERMIONE BADDELEY. URSULA JEANS. JEAN COLIN.

LONDON PAVILION. EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
 CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S 1929 REVUE
 "WAKE UP AND DREAM."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. EVENINGS, at 8.15.
 LA VIE PARISIENNE. Music by Offenbach.
 Produced by Nigel Playfair. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. (Gerr. 3903.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
 GERALD du MAURIER in "FAME."
 Nora Swinburne, Marjory Clark, Nigel Bruce, Frank Vosper.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Ger 1243.) EVGS., at 8.15, MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.
 "77 PARK LANE." By Walter Hackett.
 HUGH WAKEFIELD and MARION LORNE.

SAVOY. EVGS., 8.30. MATS., MON., THURS., SAT., 2.30. Temple Bar 8888.
 "JOURNEY'S END."
 "LONDON'S FINEST PLAY."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THEATRES.

WINTER GARDEN. (Holborn 8881.) **FUNNY FACE**
 FRED ASTAIRE, ADELE ASTAIRE, and LESLIE HENSON.
 Evenings, at 8.15. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. (Reg. 3028 & 9.) **SYBIL THORNDIKE** in
 BERNARD SHAW'S MAJOR BARBARA.
 EVGS., 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (LAST 2 WEEKS.)

VARIETIES.

COLISEUM Charing Cross. (Ger. 7540.) Daily at 2.30 and 8.
 Week commencing April 22nd. WINNIE MELVILLE and DEREK OLDHAM:
 "BLACK BIRDS" with Eddie Hunter & Co.; ROTH and SHAY;
 NORMAN LONG; MARINO and NORRIS; COLLINS and LEOPOLD, etc.

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EMPIRE, Leicester Square. Continuous, Noon—11 p.m. Suns., 6.0—11 p.m.
 See and Hear WILLIAM HAINES in "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE";
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 IN PARIS."

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 DAILY, 2.30, 6 & 8.30. SUNDAYS, 6 and 8.30.
 SEE and HEAR and MARVEL at "NOAH'S ARK"
 and All Star Variety including JUNE. With Vitaphone.

REGAL. Marble Arch. (Paddington 9911.)
 Owing to enormous success retained for another week. See and Hear
 MILTON SILLS in
 "THE BARKER."
 With Dorothy MacKail, Doug. Fairbanks, Jun., and Betty Compson.
 The First National Vitaphone Production.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE. Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)
 DAILY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, New Programme, 6 to 10.30.)
 April 22nd, 23rd & 24th. JEAN HERSHOLT in "THE BATTLE OF THE
 SEXES"; IRENE RICH in "POWDER MY BACK"; THE HUNTINGS
 in Juggling and Ladder Antics.
 April 25th, 26th & 27th. BEBE DANIELS and Neil Hamilton in "HOT
 NEWS"; KARL DANE and G. K. Arthur in "CIRCUS ROOKIES";
 ALVA BROS., Acrobats; SARA MELITA, Soprano.

NEXT WEEK'S DIARY.

MONDAY. Stoll Picture Theatre. "The Battle of the Sexes,"
 with Phyllis Heaver and Jean Hersholt.
 Coliseum. Winnie Melville and Derek Oldham.
 New. "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."
 Daly's. "The Lady of the Rose." Revised by
 Harry Welchman.
TUESDAY. Ambassadors. "Rope."
 Everyman. "Requital."
WEDNESDAY. Court. "The Garey Divorce."
THURSDAY. Stoll Picture Theatre. "Hot News," starring Bebe
 Daniels; also Karl Dane in "Circus Rookies."
 Vaudeville. "Coo-ee!" (Revue.) 1st Perf.
FRIDAY. Strand. "The Shadow of the East." Presented
 by Stanley Bell.
 Daly's. "The Lady of the Rose."

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Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.

Editor: H. D. HENDERSON.

Telephone: Business Manager: Holborn 9928.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

WITH the main features of Mr. Churchill's Budget statement, we deal at length elsewhere. But we think it desirable to call attention here to one sentence of his speech, carrying the most serious implications, which seems to have escaped notice. In a passage designed to show the limited scope for economy on armaments, he used the following words:—

"We cannot make any large reductions in the Navy without falling below the One-Power standard, which, in my opinion, would be a fatal decision, or without jeopardizing our food and trade routes."

The reference to the One-Power standard can only mean that it would be fatal, in Mr. Churchill's opinion, for us to fall behind the United States in naval strength.

Now, after the failure of the Three-Power Conference in 1927, and again after the muddle of the Anglo-French "compromise" last year, our Ministers were profuse in their assurances that they had no intention of engaging in any armament race with the United States. Mr. Churchill's own assurances were particularly emphatic. This is what he said at Haslemere on August 6th, 1927:—

"We have said again and again, we shall take no offence because the United States builds the cruisers she considers she requires. The building of such ships will not cause us alarm or anger, and we cannot conceive that any circumstances will arise in any period of time which it is possible to consider would lead to a deplorable race in armaments between the two countries. . . . I hope that when we say we should not be alarmed by American cruiser programmes we shall not confine ourselves to pious sentiments, but will prove

our confidence and composure by actions that speak louder than words."

We observed at the time that these words implied that, if the United States went ahead with the large cruiser programme which was then under discussion, Mr. Churchill "would be content and would have us content to be out-built by America." We were at a loss to know why, in that case, Mr. Churchill should object so strongly to accepting the obnoxious formula of "mathematical parity" as the basis of a treaty. But his words were so emphatic that we did not doubt their sincerity.

* * *

What, then, does Mr. Churchill mean now? Does he mean that if America continues to build 10,000-ton cruisers, we must follow suit, and match her ship for ship? If so, what becomes of his fine phrases about "confidence" and "composure" and "actions that speak louder than words"? And what becomes of the general and repeated Ministerial assurances against competing with the United States? Did these assurances merely mean that we would not wantonly force the pace? It is just possible that Mr. Churchill, in proclaiming the One-Power standard, was thinking only of capital ships. But it seems to us essential in the public interest that Mr. Churchill should explain himself more fully, and that it should be made clear whether his views are those of the Government as a whole.

* * *

In the debate on the Budget, all other points have been eclipsed this week by Mr. Snowden's indictment of the Balfour Note. This is discussed by Mr. Keynes

in an article on another page. The article was written before the resumed debate on Wednesday, but the latter made no substantial change in the situation. Mr. Snowden remained obstinate and defiant. Mr. MacDonald emphatically repudiated repudiation, but characteristically refused to make his position clear, or to answer a series of questions put to him by Mr. Churchill. Mr. Runciman, speaking on behalf of the Liberal Party, said that we would never interfere with the continuity of international contractual obligations. The Tories, scenting another "Red Letter" issue for the election, grew more and more excited, jubilant, and virtuously indignant.

In view of the prominent part which slum clearance is to play in election programmes, the appearance of a Report by a Special Committee of the National Housing and Town Planning Council is very welcome. The main thesis of this Report is summed up in the words of one of the section headings—"New Houses First."

"The right approach to the problem is not to regard it as a problem of clearance or destruction, but as one of construction. The evacuation and effective abolition of slums depend on the provision of adequate numbers of new houses at rents which the working classes can pay."

The Report takes the view that the Wheatley subsidy should not again be decreased until substantial reductions in cost occur, and that an additional subsidy should be given to enable the poor family with dependents to move out of the slum. The Report of the Committee, which should be read by all students of public affairs, is published by Messrs. P. S. King & Son in the form of a pamphlet (price 6d.), entitled "A Policy for the Slums."

At rare and refreshing intervals during this Parliament, the TIMES has dealt in its first leading article with the necessity for a reconstruction of the Government. The last of these exhortations of a candid friend appeared, if we remember rightly, when Mr. Baldwin was on his way to Canada. It was entitled "Home Thoughts from the Sea," and it urged the Prime Minister to "overhaul his Government from top to bottom." On Monday, however, returning once more to the subject, the TIMES declared regretfully that "the opportunity for reconstruction before the General Election has definitely passed." It is true that "a remarkable four years' record of steady constructive work is unquestionably being obscured by a sense of dreary familiarity with the men who have done it. . . . Some of them are old and some of them are notoriously tired and stale." But "supposing after all that he were to decide to-morrow that a dozen, or half a dozen, or even a couple of his colleagues were making a bad impression on the public, whether from age or from weariness or from sheer loquacity," and Mr. Baldwin were to reconstruct his Cabinet now, "could he even be certain that his new Ministers would find a place in the next Parliament—for it is not the least of the present anxieties that too many of his most desirable candidates hold the least desirable seats?" No, "all that is decent or possible now is that he should make it absolutely clear to the country that, if and when he returns to power, he does mean to reshape his Government drastically for another spell of work." But

"the country will not be satisfied with the sort of general profession which might cover merely the temporary withdrawal of Sir A—, or the resignation (at a ripe old age) of Lord B—, or the transference of Mr. C— from one Department to another. The change, when it comes, must be thoroughgoing. . . ."

If space permitted, we should like to reproduce the

whole article, but our contributor "MacFlecknoe" has done his best to paraphrase it on another page.

The actual texts of the diplomatic notes exchanged on the "I'm Alone" case have not yet been published; but their contents are no secret. The Canadian Government claims that the "I'm Alone" was not within one hour's steaming from the coast when the chase began; and that even if she had been, the coastguard cutters would have had no right to pursue her beyond that limit. The British Government has associated itself with the Canadian contentions. The United States Government maintains that the "I'm Alone" was within one hour's steaming from the shore when first pursued, and that the doctrine of "hot pursuit" is applicable to the case. Here are two clear issues; one of fact, the other, and much the more important, of law. The United States authorities are reported to be quite willing that the case shall be referred to Commissioners appointed by each party, as provided in the Liquor Convention. If this procedure is adopted, and no claim for compensation is lodged before the Commissioners have reported, the incident should be closed, and a very important issue of international law established, without any heated controversy.

The affairs of India have been moving rapidly during the last few days. On April 11th the Legislative Assembly passed, unanimously, a resolution expressing its horror and indignation at the recent bomb outrage in the House. The resolution was, very properly, introduced by the President himself; but the outrage has not affected Mr. Patel's views on the Public Safety Bill, and he proceeded to rule all further discussion of the Bill out of order, and adjourn its consideration *sine die*. On the following day, the Viceroy addressed a joint session of both Houses of the Central Legislature, and informed them that, while he accepted Mr. Patel's ruling, he considered it imperative for the Government to obtain the powers it sought, and would, therefore, issue an Ordinance conferring on the Governor-General in Council all the powers which the Bill would have given to the Government. He intimated, at the same time, that steps would be taken to amend the rules of each House in such a way as to restrict the President's power to veto the discussion of Bills properly introduced. The discovery of an arsenal of bombs and seditious literature at Lahore, an open threat to murder the head of the Lahore police, and the receipt of threatening letters by members of the Legislative Assembly, have illustrated the dangers against which the Government is seeking to arm itself.

In his address to the Legislature, Lord Irwin was careful to emphasize the fact that such incidents as the bomb outrage in the Assembly, while "they cannot possibly accelerate," should "not be allowed to retard, the development of Indian institutions, and the orderly pursuit of Indian aspirations." It is certain that the Simon Commission, who left Bombay for England on April 13th, will remain, as was said by Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, M.P., one of the Commissioners, "completely uninfluenced by black flags or bombs." The complexity of the Indian problem, and the folly of all attempts to force the pace unnaturally, is emphasized by the appearance of the Butler Committee's report on the relations between British India and those native Indian States which comprise two-fifths of the area and one-fifth of the population of the Indian Peninsula. Excluding 327 small estates, jagirs, &c., there are 235 of these States directly or indirectly represented in the

Chamber of Princes. They vary widely in size, constitution, and conditions. Their relations with the Paramount Power are governed by binding treaties and by long usage, and the Committee are clearly of opinion that they ought not to be transferred to a relationship to any new Government in British India, responsible to an Indian Legislature, without their own consent. It is noteworthy, however, that all the Committee's recommendations are directed to facilitating co-operation with such a Government as well as to improving conditions in the States themselves.

* * *

The by-election last Sunday in the Narbonne arrondissement of Aude resulted in the return of M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader and Editor of the *POPULAIRE* (who lost his seat in Paris to a Communist last year), by a clear majority over the combined poll of his three opponents, a Radical, a Communist, and an Independent. At the general election last year the late Socialist deputy, a very popular local man, was elected on the second ballot, but had not a clear majority. Great importance was attached in France to the result of this election, which excited throughout the country an interest unprecedented in the case of any by-election, at any rate for many years past. The great Paris papers sent special correspondents to the constituency and published long dispatches about the campaign. The reasons for this special interest were the personality of the Socialist candidate and, still more, the peculiar circumstances of the election. The local Conservatives decided not to run a candidate, but to support the Radical, who was backed by all the influence of the powerful *DÉPÊCHE DE TOULOUSE*, the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* of France, which belongs to M. Albert Sarraut, who was M. Poincaré's Minister of the Interior until last November when he resigned with the other Radical Ministers, and his brother, M. Maurice Sarraut, late President of the Radical Party. This compromising connection led to a division in the Radical ranks, and the local Radical paper, the *PETIT MÉRIDIONAL*, supported M. Blum, as did the *QUOTIDIEN* and the *VOLONTÉ*, the other Radical papers in Paris being neutral. Moreover, the Radical Executive in Paris refrained from giving the Radical candidate, M. Gourgon, any support, and its secretary, M. Pfeiffer, who proposed to go to Narbonne to speak for M. Gourgon, was stopped from doing so.

* * *

M. Blum's victory is thus a victory also for the Left-Wing Radicals over the advocates in the Radical Party of "Republican Concentration," and a severe blow to the prestige of the *DÉPÊCHE DE TOULOUSE* and the brothers Sarraut, who regarded the department of Aude as their preserve. M. Gourgon had the advantage of being a local man, and M. Blum, who is essentially an intellectual and the antithesis of a Southerner, was not the most suitable candidate for a constituency in which the great majority of the electors are small winegrowers, especially as he has the reputation of being a confirmed water-drinker. He put at any rate a good deal of water in the pure wine of Socialism, for he assured the electors that the Socialists would in no circumstances expropriate small land-owners working their own land. The unwise action of the Catholic authorities in publishing in the diocesan magazine at the last moment a manifesto urging Catholics to vote for M. Gourgon was probably the deciding factor, for Languedoc is traditionally anti-Clerical. M. Blum's election will strengthen the Socialist Party in the

Chamber, which has hitherto been without a leader, and will also, no doubt, lead to still closer relations between the Radical and Socialist Parties.

* * *

On Tuesday the French Government spread consternation among prospective travellers across the Channel, the tourist agencies, and French hotel-keepers, by an administrative order that on and after April 18th all passengers landing in France from England would be required to produce a certificate, signed by a qualified medical practitioner, that they had been vaccinated within the last two months. The order was a sequel to an outbreak of smallpox on the Anchor liner "Tuscania," which reached Marseilles on March 27th from Bombay. A seaman was landed at Marseilles and died that day of smallpox. His condition had not been diagnosed on the ship, and consequently some 200 passengers were allowed to leave the "Tuscania" at Marseilles. About 700 passengers remained, however, on the ship, and these were all vaccinated by the ship's doctor before they disembarked at Liverpool or Glasgow. They were allowed to proceed to their various destinations, but information was sent to the local authorities in the districts concerned. Some thirty-five cases of smallpox among the passengers of the "Tuscania" have been notified in Great Britain, and there have been five or six deaths, but there do not seem as yet to have been any cases resulting from contact with the "Tuscania's" passengers.

* * *

The precaution taken by the French Government seemed excessive when it was remembered that 200 of the "Tuscania's" passengers had already landed in France without being revaccinated, while the remainder were vaccinated before disembarking in Britain. The real danger of infection would be from the former rather than the latter. The position was complicated, however, by the presence in this country of a disease which is termed "mild smallpox," of which about 250 cases a week have been notified in England and Wales during the last three months. We suspect that this disease is called by a less sinister name on the Continent, and that it is largely for the purposes of vaccination propaganda that it is termed smallpox here. It seemed rather hard, therefore, that "mild smallpox" should be used as an argument for inconveniencing travellers in Europe and paralyzing the tourist trade. The provision of a period of two months within which vaccination was to have taken place was likely, moreover, to shake the public confidence in vaccination, since it implied that the immunity given is short-lived. On Wednesday, however, the French Government, in deference to representations from the British Embassy, suspended the operation of the order, and the British and French health authorities are to confer on precautionary measures.

* * *

Mr. Havenga, the South African Acting Minister of Justice, has confirmed the sentence of seven years' hard labour and ten lashes passed on a Transvaal farmer who had flogged a native to death. The outcry of the Nationalist Press against the "negrophil" tendencies of the judge who passed the sentence, and the fact that a petition was presented for remission of the lashes, on the ground that the culprit was a white, will not soon be forgotten; but General Hertzog's Government may, at least, be unreservedly congratulated on having resisted the clamour of its own supporters.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DECISION

WE shall follow Mr. Churchill's own example in saying comparatively little about the actual proposals in his Budget. They are neither numerous nor very striking. The most important of them is the repeal of tea duty. That is a relief which, in principle, is desirable and right; and it would be unreasonable to complain that it has electioneering value. But it does not fit the chief needs of the present economic situation; and there is less to be said for it, therefore, at the present juncture, either on its merits or as a piece of electioneering, than Mr. Churchill doubtless hopes. The case for repealing the tea duty is that this will help to lower the cost of living. But the cost of living, as Mr. Churchill boasts, has been falling in recent years; and a further reduction is a less urgent objective than increased employment or better housing. The obverse of the repeal of the tea duty is the neglect of these more constructive purposes.

By repealing the turnover tax on betting and by de-rating agriculture immediately, Mr. Churchill endeavours to conciliate two interests which have lately shown the power of their resentment. But the latter step is unobjectionable; and the former is certainly justified on the merits of the case; electioneering considerations have merely served here to overcome Mr. Churchill's natural reluctance to acknowledge the failure of his handiwork. There is not much else in the Budget. Mr. Churchill did not even think it worth while to describe all his proposals to the House of Commons.

"There are one or two minor alterations," he observed, "affecting the Stamp Duties on amalgamations and in connection with the motor vehicles duties which will have a small effect on the finances of the year. These will be found set out in the White Paper."

That is all he tells us about these particular changes; and the White Paper to which he refers us is, as regards the stamp duties, far from explicit. A new precedent, surely, in a Budget statement.

The chief interest of Mr. Churchill's Budget lies in what is left out of it. Early last week there were strong indications that the Budget would provide for a substantial programme of development of such a kind as could plausibly be represented as an alternative to the Liberal scheme. It seems probable, indeed, that this was Mr. Churchill's own desire. If so, he has been overruled by his colleagues. The expected railway programme turns out to be a small-scale thing. The Railway Passenger Duty is to be abolished; and the railways are to devote the capital equivalent of this relief to modernizing their equipment. This is an ingenious device, and, so far as it goes, an excellent plan. But it goes only a very little way. The capital sum in question (£6½ millions) is clearly quite insufficient to provide for the big reform of the 20-ton wagon. There is to be a little more money for roads and a little for rural telephones; but in each case very little. The chief significance of Mr. Churchill's last Budget is that the Government has decided finally against the whole idea of a large-scale development programme.

Mr. Churchill's main preoccupation, therefore, was to justify this attitude. This he attempted to do,

partly by an amusing burlesque of the Liberal proposals and partly by serious argument. The burlesque was in Mr. Churchill's happiest vein. There was a time when Mr. Churchill's sarcasm used to infuriate his political opponents; but nowadays his raillery is infectiously good-humoured. There is certainly no barb in such a passage as the following:—

"Accordingly, the right hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs is going to borrow £200 millions, and to spend it upon paying the unemployed to make racing tracks for well-to-do motorists to make the ordinary pedestrian skip; and we are assured that the mere prospect of this has entirely revived the Liberal Party. At any rate, it has brought one notable recruit. Lord Rothermere, chief author of the anti-waste campaign, has enlisted under the Happy Warrior of Squandermania. The detailed methods of spending the money have not yet been fully thought out, but we are assured on the highest authority that if only enough resource and energy is used there will be no difficulty in getting rid of the stuff. . . . At any rate, after this no one will ever accuse the right hon. Gentleman of *cheap* electioneering."

Mr. Churchill's serious arguments were less effective, partly because they manifestly lacked conviction. He fell back, perforce, on the old and obsolete dogma that work set in hand by public authorities simply diverts savings from ordinary industry; but he was very coy about associating himself with this dogma. He put it forward as "the orthodox Treasury view." The Government, he implied, had had their doubts upon the matter. During their period of office they had spent no less than £400 millions on development work from a "desire to induce a speedier return to prosperity and to diminish unemployment." This great sum had not, he thought, been unwisely invested; but, he felt bound to confess,

"for the purpose of curing unemployment the results have certainly been disappointing. They are, in fact, so meagre as to lend considerable colour to the orthodox Treasury doctrine, which has steadfastly held that, whatever might be the political or social advantages, very little additional employment and no permanent additional employment can in fact and as a general rule be created by State borrowing and State expenditure."

Considerable colour to the Treasury doctrine! That is not the same thing as saying that you think it right. And Mr. Churchill hesitates to say that it is right. "Our own practice," he observes, "does not entitle me to do so." What, then, does Mr. Churchill think? Just when we are hoping that he is going to tell us, he takes refuge in a boat-race simile, which is surely technically unfortunate (although the *Times* extols it as "almost Virgilian in its simplicity"), about the dangers of spurting prematurely at, if you please, Barnes Bridge!

Thus the Government's attitude, as defined by Mr. Churchill, is frankly Laodicean. The Treasury say that development schemes are wrong; and Ministers are not sure but that the Treasury are right. They do not know. Like Mr. Balfour on the fiscal question, they have no convictions. But they feel that the facts give "considerable colour" to the Treasury view. And, being in doubt, they, of course, give the policy of inaction the benefit of the doubt. It is sounder and

safer, they feel, that a million workpeople should remain unemployed than that roads should be built or land be drained. We believe that Mr. Churchill has described the Government's state of mind quite correctly. The argumentative opposition to the Liberal policy is destitute of real conviction. It consists of misgivings, uncertainties, and hesitations. We sympathize with the Conservative candidates who have to fight the General Election so equipped.

But let us deal with Mr. Churchill's point about the £400 millions which the Government "has spent or caused to be spent or undertaken to spend" upon development. So far from lending colour to the Treasury doctrine, this figure illustrates one of the main contentions which we have constantly urged in this journal. The State has come to play an immensely important part in the economic sphere. The rate at which we proceed with such things as roads, housing, electricity, and telephones is dependent to-day on the policy of the State. When Mr. Churchill tells us that, even during the last five years, the large capital sum of £400 millions has been laid out on these utilities, he gives us the measure, not of the present Government's exertions, but of the magnitude of the undertakings which he has been doing his utmost to curtail. £400 millions in five years represents about one-sixth of our total savings in the same period, and between one-fifth and one-quarter of our total home investment. The Government, in short, has become, in effect, an *entrepreneur* on an enormous scale; and the influence of its policy, in pressing forward or hanging back, on the trend of trade is correspondingly enormous. All this, it should be noted, is a comparatively recent phenomenon. There was no real parallel to it before the days of arterial roads, super-power stations, and housing subsidies.

When Mr. Churchill asks why the expenditure of the £400 millions on development has not diminished unemployment, the answer is two-fold: (1) that in earlier years of the present Parliament he was doing other things to increase unemployment, and (2) that in the later years the capital expenditure has been seriously curtailed. The return to the Gold Standard dealt (as Mr. Churchill now admits) a blow to the export trades; the coal stoppage dealt a blow to most trades; and the Eight Hour Day resulted in a large-scale displacement of miners. It is only, therefore, in the last year or two that the movement of the unemployment figures could be taken as a measure of the effects of development expenditure. And, in the last year or two, development expenditure has been cut down. The number of houses built under State schemes, which rose to the high figure of 212,000 during the year ending September, 1927, fell away, as the result of the cut in the subsidy, to only 101,000 in the following year. The work of road improvement has been so restricted that, according to the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, "hardly a mile of new trunk road has been planned and constructed during the last two years." In these two facts we have the principal reason why employment has been so disappointing during what Mr. Churchill calls "the longest lucid interval that I can recall since 1914." Mr. Churchill has eased off at Barnes Bridge.

The persistence of large-scale unemployment thus lends no colour whatever to "the orthodox Treasury doctrine." No competent economist would, we believe, support this doctrine. It certainly receives no support from common sense; for the proposition that building roads and houses does nothing to increase employment is, on the face of it, an audacious paradox. Ministers, it is fairly clear, do not really believe in it themselves. Yet this is the proposition by which Ministers must stand or fall at the General Election.

MR. SNOWDEN AND THE BALFOUR NOTE

By J. M. KEYNES.

IN Tuesday's Budget debate Mr. Philip Snowden was guilty of a remarkable outburst of which one can hardly believe either that it was, or that it was not, a premeditated and considered statement.

He described the famous Balfour Note, regulating the relationship between our payments to the United States, our receipts from Reparations, and our claims on our Allied debtors as "infamous," and declared that the Labour Party "hold themselves open, if the circumstances arise, to repudiate the conditions of that Note."

Mr. Snowden is at liberty to criticize the wisdom of our settlement with America. I agree with him (and Mr. Bonar Law) in believing that this settlement was a disastrous mistake and that Mr. Baldwin was one of the worst and most expensive ambassadors that this country has ever employed.

Mr. Snowden is also at liberty to criticize the wisdom of the Balfour Note. There are many persons of good judgment who think that we made a mistake—not in giving the concessions to our Allies which that Note gives—but in giving them at that time and without an adequate *quid pro quo*, instead of keeping what we had in hand to assist us in our future negotiations relating to German Reparations and European peace and amity generally. The irritation which it caused in the United States has also been a just ground of criticism. But I do not remember that the Labour Party announced at that time that they considered its terms to be "infamous." The Balfour Note was, when it was published, a great gesture on the part of this country in the interests of international generosity and moderation. It represented a profound reaction from the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles. These sentiments were in accord with those which the Labour Party were then professing. The main criticisms which they made were in the other direction, namely, that the writing-down of British claims was not sufficiently generous.

Further one can agree that the delay on the part of France to ratify the offer which we have made would entitle a future Government to reopen the question, if they were to think it wise to do so. It is, indeed, possible and even probable, particularly in connection with a new Reparations Settlement, that it might be advisable to modify the terms which we have offered to France, pro-

vided the modification was consistent with the conditions of the Balfour Note.

But none of these considerations affect the point that to talk of repudiating the conditions of the Balfour Note itself is wild and irresponsible, grossly unfitting on the lips of one who has been Chancellor of the Exchequer and hopes to be again. I cannot believe that Mr. Snowden can have been aware of the implications of what he was saying. For with our Allies, other than France, Funding Agreements have been signed, sealed, and delivered. The Balfour Note forms part of the actual text of these Agreements in every case except that of Roumania.

The result is that, even if France were to be deprived of the benefits of the Balfour Note, they would, under the terms of these existing Agreements, enure not to the advantage of this country, but to the advantage either of Germany or of those Allies, mainly Italy, with whom we have already made agreements. To delete the Balfour Note from the draft Agreement with France would mean raising our terms to them in order to give unanticipated advantages to Mussolini.

The doctrine of the continuity of foreign policy is a dangerous one, which should not be accepted without reserves. But this is quite a different thing from holding oneself free to break financial engagements, even if this country may have acted with an impulsive and premature generosity. It would be a blow at sound, businesslike practices in international affairs. It is not by greedily grasping at cash that we shall never see and to which we are no longer entitled, that we shall escape from the financial tangles which still survive the war period.

Mr. Snowden asked in the House of Commons: "Does the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then, maintain that an agreement which is made by a Government supported by a party which happens to have a temporary majority in the House of Commons commits every other party in the State to the confirmation and the acceptance of that agreement in the future? If that be so, it is a doctrine to which I cannot subscribe."

But if the agreement is neither a piece of domestic legislation nor a terminable treaty with a foreign Power but a financial bargain for the funding of debts, it is surely a doctrine to which he *must* subscribe. The only possible exception could be if the official Opposition in Parliament had given the most explicit and deliberate warning to the foreign Power concerned at the date when the agreement was before the House of Commons. I believe that, when the Italian Agreement was before the House, Mr. Snowden expressed his dislike of the principles of the Balfour Note—in a short dialogue he and Mr. Churchill agreed with one another that it erred on the side of generosity—but he certainly gave no warning that the Labour Party would, if they were returned to power, repudiate the document under discussion when once it had been signed on behalf of His Majesty's Government.

It is worth adding in conclusion that Mr. Snowden's arithmetic as to the relative severity of the terms accorded by ourselves and the United States to our European Allies is quite erroneous and misleading. The arrangement of the progression of the annuities through time is different in the two cases, the actuarial equivalent of which he has not taken into account. It is true that the American

terms are, generally speaking, somewhat severer than ours, but not to the extent that he pretended. Indeed, if we had made settlements on identical lines with the American, we should have received up to date a *smaller* sum than we actually have received. The American severity lies all in the future; and who can say that it will actually be enforced? The Americans have not said their last word—though there is nothing more likely to stiffen their backs than such utterances as Mr. Snowden's.

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MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECHES

IT was in the summer of 1890—thirty-nine years ago—that the aged Gladstone, attired in grey frock-coat and button-hole of tea-roses—as he rose from the front Opposition bench to continue the debate—turned gracefully to welcome his honourable friend the Member for Glamorgan—he meant, of course, Carnarvon, but the difference was immaterial—and to congratulate him on his able and interesting speech. It was quite a formal welcome; considerably more formal, one may guess, than Gladstone's own welcome by Sir Robert Peel fifty-seven years before; for Mr. Lloyd George, unlike Gladstone, unlike Peel himself, did not belong to the select and favoured company of those who have come to Westminster with a reputation. He was not nursed or dandled into a legislature, nor supported by money or by influence. No Union Debating Society had moulded his oratorical style. Mr. Lloyd George was of a new type; and to most of those who heard him speak on that summer day of 1890 it would have been a matter not merely of surprise but of almost incredibility had they been told that this young Welsh Member, with his quiet and refined appearance, his musical voice, his reasonable air—a man who though sprung, as he claims, from the people, seemed to bear so little resemblance to the Radical leader of tradition—would become within twenty years one of the most powerful, the most admired of party leaders, feared and hated indeed by many of his opponents, but recognized nevertheless as a formidable political force, one of the principal figures in public life in those distant pre-war days. That was indeed surprising enough; but to the men of 1890 how far more surprising, how entirely incredible it would have seemed could they have looked forward again some ten years more, to find this same Member for Carnarvon, who had once been denounced as a pestilent pacifist, hailed as the greatest of War Ministers, and soon to play a decisive part in the settlement of the destinies of Europe. And now, after so remarkable a career—after working as few men have ever worked in the service of his country—is he not still fresh and vital as ever, the most interesting, the most forcible, the most conspicuous of the political leaders of his day?

What is the secret of so astonishing a life? What are the qualities of that vivid personality; to what does he owe so brilliant, so lasting a success? You may say that he is a man of genius—and that genius is a very rare thing in politics, so rare that you may almost count on your fingers the statesmen in history to whom it may rightly be attributed—but that, after all, is no explanation. But

here, to help us in our difficulty, is this new book of sayings and selections from his speeches,* admirably edited by Mr. Philip Guedalla, who will do what he can, but always in the most discreet way, to find an answer to our riddle. For "the spoken word," as the Editor most truly says, "is the very kernel of biography, and the steady stream of spoken words illuminates a statesman at full length," and here is a stream—steady, sparkling, interesting, and now and again amazingly eloquent, to illuminate Mr. Lloyd George, for those who have eyes to see him, displaying him, as one might say, in an easy and familiar manner, as few public men in their lifetime have ever been displayed.

For one of the charms of these speeches and sayings is that they are so unlike what is commonly known as oratory. You may miss in them some of the stately periods, some of the deep organ notes, which for a thousand years and more have been the great orator's stock-in-trade, but how much of the solemn plausibilities you escape also! How little circumlocution there is! How few vague phrases! How insistently, and yet with what an easy and delightful gesture, he hits the nail on the head! You may agree or disagree, but you are never in doubt as to his meaning. At times he is almost conversational:—

"It is difficult," he says, "to set stodginess on fire. But it is almost impossible to make a torch out of selfishness . . . until it rots. Then it will burn right enough."

But suddenly in the midst of some close argument he will startle you by a phrase of poetic eloquence as in this description of the slums:—

"The angels of light," he cries, "that speed at every dawn from the heavens, carrying their radiant message of healing and hope . . . are bricked out of the mean streets."

And how beautiful is that passage from his speech at Birkenhead in 1917 which is no doubt familiar, but will bear repeating:—

"I have been in the habit once or twice of telling my Welsh fellow-countrymen, when there was anything that made them feel depressed, to look upon the phenomena of their hills. On a clear day they look as if they were near. You could reach them in an easy march—you could climb the highest of them in an hour. That is wrong—you could not. Then comes a cloudy day, and the mists fall upon them, and you say, 'There are no hills. They have vanished.' Again you are wrong. The optimist is wrong; the hills are not as near as he thought. The pessimist is still more wrong, because they are there. All you have to do is to keep on. Keep on. Falter not. We have many dangerous marshes to cross; we will cross them. We have steep and stony paths to climb; we will climb them. Our footprints may be stained with blood, but we will reach the heights; and beyond them we shall see the rich valleys and plains of the new world which we have sacrificed so much to attain."

And with what admirable wit and humour these speeches are flavoured! "Public men," he says, "should be made to live up to the level of their perorations"; and to do Mr. Lloyd George justice, he has done his best, amidst good report and ill, to maintain that high standard. "There is nothing so fatal to character as half-finished tasks"; but it has not been his fault if all his tasks have not been so well finished as he himself perhaps would wish. As you read again some of these speeches—the Limehouse speech and the Newcastle speech—which still make excellent reading, you see how strong have been the forces against him and with what courage, what enthusiasm he has set himself to carry through the great tasks he has undertaken. But

at the end of it all what strikes you most is not so much his eloquence as his sincerity. These speeches, these sayings ring true. Sometimes there is the note of passion, often there is a delightful humour, always there is a certain reasonableness and moderation. But however eloquent he may be the note is never forced; there is no bitterness; and there is a complete absence of pose. Oratory, as he says, is the moving of men to action; and he claims no merit for his speeches beyond the abiding interest of their subjects. But by the very directness of their style they are more interesting and far more convincing than the most elaborately prepared rhetoric; for "sincerity," as he says—it is the last quotation in the book—"is the surest road to confidence."

LIFE AND POLITICS

NO Budget in my time has more completely disconcerted the prophets, friendly and unfriendly, than Mr. Churchill's fifth and last. These prophecies were based upon the popular expectation that Mr. Churchill, being Mr. Churchill, would plump for the brilliant surprise. He produced the surprise, but it lay in the tameness of the performance. He attracted attention to himself, like the man who talks in his natural voice when everyone round is shouting. I never remember so much excited speculation before a Budget day, nor a Chancellor who ignored so much advice, both good and bad. The sense of flatness is, of course, especially pronounced among the Tories. They had turned desperately in their need to the moderately trusted Churchill to get them out of their troubles. They wanted a shield against the slings and arrows of outraged electors. To their disgust Mr. Churchill was virtuous and respectable. What was wanted was a little attractive sinning. Mr. Churchill's financial repentance is, for the Conservatives, disappointingly mistimed; the "election bribery" of which Mr. Snowden speaks is not sufficient to induce a policeman to overlook a missing dog collar. There is, it is true, the abolition of the tea duty, but that, too, is annoyingly orthodox. Everyone approves of it, Liberals especially, as in the right tradition, though whether there is much social advantage in encouraging inordinate tea-drinking is open to question. I cannot help thinking that the humour of the situation, as regards his present party, appeals secretly to Mr. Churchill's impish mind. For the rest, he has bought off the bookmakers, soothed the farmers (for the moment), mortally offended the motorists—going deliberately out of his way to add insult to injury—and left the income-tax payer in his present despair. There is not a constructive idea in the whole Budget. The only prophecy Mr. Churchill has fulfilled is that of party apologists who declared that whatever happened he would not attempt to compete with Mr. Lloyd George.

The chief—one might almost say the only—occupation of Liberals in their hours of relaxation is guessing the election returns. It is a fascinating game, and none the less so for being played in the dark with pieces of unknown value. I never join in it myself with any conviction, though I am always ready, as an aid to conversation, for a competition. The spirit of the Liberal players is excellent; there is no mistaking the extraordinary transformation in the whole attitude of politicians to the future that has been wrought by the unemployment scheme and the three notable by-elections that followed its launching. Before that Liberals ventured to hope; now they boldly predict. One hears an extraordinary diversity of speculations. I have been excluded with scorn from competition for making the

* "Slings and Arrows: Sayings chosen from the Speeches of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George." Edited with Introduction by Philip Guedalla. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

dull and commonplace prediction that the Tories will slump and that the Liberals and Labour will go up, although at this moment, I do not believe the wise man, who wishes his words to be remembered, will venture to probe the fog of futurity farther than that. The election itself will be not a game but a gamble.

According to report, one of the ablest of the Labour leaders has undertaken the task of extracting a popular election programme from the encyclopædic "Labour and the Nation." One does not need much inside knowledge to realize that the Labour Party is approaching the election in a curious state of indecision (and in serious shortage of funds). At the moment it does not know what to put in the front of the shop window. The Liberal unemployment plan seems to have caused much confusion and uncertainty in the higher counsels of the party, though the leaders were, or should have been, prepared for what was coming. They cannot quite make up their minds what line to take: whether to join the Tories in deriding it, or to raise the cry of plagiarism. Mr. Henderson, in his singularly uninspiring broadcast speech last week, got out of the difficulty by adopting both these views at one and the same time. Of course, Labour cannot honestly attack the Liberal programme: how can they possibly repudiate what is, in truth, common ground to both parties? At the same time, the fact that road work and other forms of national development appear, with a mass of other matter, in the Labour literature, does not make this a scheme to which Labour has a monopolistic claim. The difference is simply that an idea common to both parties, and, indeed, generally familiar to ordinary folks as the sensible course to take, has been worked out for the first time in practical detail by the Liberal Party alone, and has been forced to the forefront of politics by that party under a definite pledge of performance.

As a prison administrator Sir William Joynson-Hicks will deserve to be remembered when other more advertised activities of his are forgotten. He is thoroughly well-meaning in his desire to reform our prisons in the direction of making them less places of stupid and soul-less punishment, and more places where the prisoner is prepared for good citizenship. He conceives of the prison as a school and a workshop. It is too often, in fact, the torture chamber of the sensitive; and a forcing house of future criminals. I wish him luck in his efforts, but at the same time I feel uneasy about the possible effect of his continual exhortations to the magistrates to avoid the short sentence. The Home Secretary's view is that remedial measures have no chance of success with the short-term prisoner, and thus he is driven, in all humanity, almost to plead with magistrates, if they send a man to prison at all, to send him there long enough for the prison to do him good. The danger, of course, is that this encouragement from on high will be too literally adopted by magistrates, who, after all, only cherish the simple notion that the prisoner would rather go to prison for as short a time as possible, in which they are unquestionably right. In short, I feel that a great deal more prison reform is necessary before it is safe to stimulate magistrates to lengthen sentences, however humane the motive may be.

It is now quite clear that the weight of opinion, both expert and lay, is overwhelmingly against the new Sacristy at Westminster Abbey, in the position and the form proposed. In the last few days the Dean has invited a verdict from the Society of Antiquaries and the London Society, and both dislike the model as much as I do, and for the same reason, that it would hide the beautiful ex-

terior of the East end from the chief entrance to the church. I cannot say that I like any better the alternative site suggested by these two societies—to place the Sacristy in the angle of the North Transept and the nave, on the West side. This is commended on the ground that the old Sacristy stood there until the Reformation. It is, in some ways, less objectionable than the present proposal, but it is more objectionable in that it would be much more visible, and unless by some miracle an architect can be found who can recreate thirteenth-century Gothic, we should all feel safer without it. There would be no overlooking this Sacristy, and it would alter, perhaps fatally, a universally familiar aspect of the Abbey. While saying this, I must add my word of appreciation of the quite unusual care that is being taken by the Dean to submit his scheme to the verdict of professional and ordinary opinion. The Dean and Chapter are in no way compelled to consult anybody, and in allowing themselves to be guided by outside opinion they deserve all praise. No doubt there is a far more widely diffused sensitiveness in these matters nowadays. The time has passed, one hopes for ever, when it is possible for such atrocities to be committed as disfigured St. Albans not very many years ago, when the Church suffered from the destructive love of a wealthy amateur.

The Conference which is attempting to fix an international standard in appliances for safety at sea is meeting on or about the seventeenth anniversary of the sinking of the "Titanic," which led to the first and abortive Conference on this subject. No one who followed the inquiry into that famous wreck, as I did at close quarters, will ever forget what was revealed. One had the impression from the story that was told that the wreck of such a mighty ship, the last word in luxury and security, had never dawned on anyone as a serious possibility. It seemed about as likely an event as that the Hotel Cecil should suddenly disappear. The latest achievement in hotel magnificence, she seemed indeed divorced from the perils and necessities that threaten the lives of ships that are ships. Yet in a moment, without shock or warning, the razor-edge of a submerged iceberg slit her open from end to end, and in a few hours she was gone, and 1,500 people with her. There was nothing even in the war tragedies at sea to equal that event in the quality of its pity and terror, with its strange glimpses of the depths and heights of human nature in the face of death. The sinking of the "Titanic" produced one excellent bit of literature by a survivor, whose name I have forgotten, a schoolmaster, I think—a masterly narrative, quiet and exact, of the events and emotions of those last few hours.

I note that some of the commentators on Lord Rothermere's splendid gift seem not to know that the Foundling Hospital has been destroyed. That is only too expressive of the indifference of Londoners to the loss of the finest embodiment that they possessed of the spirit of eighteenth-century philanthropy. The charming place with all its memories has gone, and until the other day there seemed little chance of saving the site from "development," by which is meant in this connection progress backwards. Now, owing to Lord Rothermere's generosity and public spirit, the land between the two squares is safe from being built upon for another two years, and that should surely be time enough to collect the money, even in London. This contribution of over £100,000 is a fine lead to other rich men to go and do likewise. Even a Communist might agree that there is some use in having millionaires if they alone will do for the public what the public will not do for itself. Lord Rothermere's proposal to use the Foundling site as

a children's park is one that would have appealed to Hogarth's friend Captain Coram, a man who thought so much more of the welfare of children than his own that he beggared himself by his benefactions.

* * *

The Budget speech does not sparkle much in the reading, but it had an extraordinarily hilarious effect on the House. Even the cynics in the Press Gallery put down their pencils and roared. An eminent Liberal who heard it tells me he never laughed so much since he saw "The Farmer's Wife." He called the speech "Winston's funny tea party."

KAPPA.

VILLANELLE OF THE UNWANTED

Being the thoughts of Ministers after reading the first leader in the TIMES of April 14th, 1929.

MINISTERIAL stock is low :

Softly, sadly, we debate
Which of us will have to go.

Some are old, and tired, and slow ;

Some have talked too much, of late :
Ministerial stock is low.

Younger men, with zeal aglow,

Eagerly our fall await.
Which of us will have to go ?

Till the polls are over, though.

This alone the TIMES will state—
" Ministerial stock is low."

Then, if we escape the foe,

From our friends we'll know our fate—
Which of us will have to go.

Yet may fall a heavier blow

From the bored electorate
(Ministerial stock is low !);
All of us may have to go.

MACFLECKNOE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COST OF TRANSPORT

SIR,—In stating that I am mistaken in attributing the excessive level of railway rates to privately owned wagons, Mr. Arnold Lupton is evidently unaware that my suggestion is in perfect accord with the opinion collectively expressed by the railway operative staff (which includes the station-masters and other traffic officers) at the Railway Wages Board in December, 1926, that very heavy economies were to be anticipated from their abolition.

As an indication of these economies, I may recall that soon after the railways pooled 300,000 of their own wagons (before the amalgamations), one of the Scottish companies estimated it was saving upwards of one million sterling a year in shunting expenses only. I can also assure Mr. Lupton that if he—in common with the colliery owners and the general public—possessed first-hand experience of the simplicity and cheapness of operation on railways where all the wagons are railway owned, as compared with the crude, unsystematic, and highly complicated conditions created by privately owned wagons, he would be astonished that the latter should be allowed a single day longer in England.

Mr. Lupton misunderstands the situation in assuming that there would be no traffic for the wagons on the backward journey. This idea was disproved in actual practice on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway during the war, when, notwithstanding that its limited nature prevented the fullest results being attained, a pooling arrangement (reinforced by the pooling of railway owned wagons) proved highly satisfactory to the railway company and to the colliery owners who participated in the scheme. Not only was a high percentage of back loadings secured, but the wagons actually reached the collieries again quicker than formerly, owing to the avoidance of the delays in the shunt-

ing yards waiting to be sorted out from each other. Previous to the arrangement, wagons conveying, say, coal from Lancashire into Yorkshire were returned empty, and wagons conveying coal from Yorkshire into Lancashire were also returned empty—conditions which still obtain all over Great Britain! But, under the pooling scheme, the wagons arriving in Yorkshire were loaded again with coal or other traffic in that district, and the wagons arriving in Lancashire were similarly loaded again in that area—so avoiding the wastage of locomotive, man and wagon-power in the shunting and running of unnecessary trains of empties in both directions.

By transferring private wagons to the unified and systematic control of the railway companies, the same conditions will obtain as in other countries, where wagons conveying coal to the hundreds of towns and villages are swept out and mostly loaded again for the whole, or part, of the way back, or pick up traffic at intermediate stations. Shunting, light mileage, and many other heavy expenses are thus cut down to an irreducible minimum, as only a small proportion of the wagons are returned all the way empty.

Mr. Lupton also omits to consider that, owing to its bulky nature, the weight of general goods filling a 10-ton truck is little more than two tons. Consequently, ten wagons conveying one hundred tons of coal, would all be fully laden on the backward journey with about twenty tons of general merchandise for the numerous towns in the colliery districts, or on the way thereto. This traffic is now being conveyed in railway owned wagons, which are then sent empty away, instead of being loaded up again at the collieries!

The failure of the Midland Railway scheme of sixty years ago was due to purely artificial conditions. That is to say, if the Midland Railway had been a self-contained unit, or, in other words, had all its wagons been confined to running on its own system, the scheme would undoubtedly have been a success. The Midland Railway, however, was not a self-contained unit, and therefore it was soon faced with the fact that large numbers of its wagons had run off on to other systems, and as the scheme did not apply to the other railways and privately owned wagons that had come on to its lines—and which were unavailable for loading purposes—failure naturally resulted.

This original attempt to pool wagons, although perfectly sound in principle, simply failed through being much less than a half-measure, whereas the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway at least had the benefit of using the wagons of the other railway companies. The essential condition for full and complete success is, therefore, a general pooling scheme under the unified control of the railways, when all the wagons will become available for general loading purposes wherever they may be.

The primary reason for the high level of British railway rates is not increased wages (which are still lower than in many countries), but the big wages bill originating from the extra number of men of nearly all grades required to cope with the cumbersome and incongruous method of working caused by private ownership in wagons—as will be revealed by a comparison with the basic statistics of the railways of any other country.—Yours, &c.,

E. R. B. ROBERTS,

late of Traffic Department,

Buenos Aires Great Southern Railway.

Brixton, London.

April 15th, 1929.

SIR,—Mr. Arnold Lupton deals in your issue of to-day with the private ownership of wagons, referred to in Mr. E. R. B. Roberts's letter in THE NATION of April 6th, but only touches one aspect of the question of large wagons. This question interested me so deeply thirty years ago in connection with the enormous traffic of certain of Glasgow's municipal undertakings that I took advantage of a friendly visit to the United States to go fully into the whole matter. The traffic of our cleansing and gas departments was carried in wagons of seven to ten tons, involving vast siding accommodation on costly sites and numerous long outward-bound trains in the one case and inward-bound trains in the other, with their inevitable obstruction and delay to other traffic.

Moreover, in connection with my own business I had constantly before my eyes the waste resulting from the carrying in small wagons of coal for shipment, seven wagons of ten tons each obviously requiring nearly seven times as much handling as one of seventy tons would require.

When I got to Pittsburg I found that I was in the very centre of the manufacture of everything connected with the rapid manipulation of heavy traffic by rail. I gathered a number of illustrated catalogues showing the "latest out" in these connections, but this did not touch the railway side of the subject. Fortunately my host was able to secure for me the friendly interest of the heads of the great Pennsylvania Railroad. I was whisked up to the top of the huge administrative building, and after being warned that there was no chance of the Chief sparing me more than five or at most ten minutes, I had a most delightful interview of more than an hour, during which the pros and cons were fully gone into. From his eyrie he pointed out, far below, and right in the heart of Pittsburg, the great Duquesne Forge—at that time, I suppose, the largest in the world. He told me of the enormous tonnage turned over daily, inward and outward, and said if it were handled in 7-ton or even 10-ton trucks, trains reaching to far beyond the city boundary would be necessary. Instead of that they used 70-ton wagons, the length of road occupied by each being little more than a seventh of what seven 10-ton trucks would require, and the power needed to haul them and the wear and tear of rolling-stock and permanent way incomparably less, not to mention the saving of labour in loading and unloading.

Visions were rising of returning to my colleagues in the Town Council covered with glory, when, alas! the great man wound up by adding: "Of course, you cannot adopt our system in the old country until someone has the courage and the ability to convince the Railway Companies that the first step is to widen the six-foot way on all the lines from Land's End to John o' Groat's by at least four feet to allow of the necessary overhang of large wagons, and that would involve an expenditure of at least two hundred million dollars (£40 millions)."

On my return I saw our railway managers with my catalogues. They agreed more or less with the desirability of larger wagons, and said that steps were actually being taken to introduce 20-ton trucks where practicable, but this was not the case everywhere. As for 70-ton wagons, had my Pennsylvania Railroad friend said £400 millions he would have been nearer the mark, because not only would the rails require to be shifted and additional ground acquired, in many cases at great cost, but practically all the stations would have to be enlarged, all the bridges raised, and the tunnels heightened and widened. Moreover, the installations at the pit-heads for loading coal and those at the harbours for shipping it would have to be completely reconstructed.

My recollection is that there was general agreement among the managers that if the enormous cost involved were faced it would be profitable in the long run, and something of the sort was actually recommended in the Yellow Book.

Capital expenditure on profit-earning subjects, whether by individuals or nations, does not increase real indebtedness, a fact too often overlooked by critics.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow.

April 13th, 1929.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

SIR,—I was interested by Sir Horace Plunkett's letter in your issue of the 13th inst. On the general question of this case, I sympathize with Mr. Mortimer; and I hasten to add that I have no closer knowledge of it than has Mr. Mortimer. But I feel quite sure that in underlining President Lowell's words, Mr. Mortimer mistook hasty words for a hurried conclusion, and bad English for a bad conscience. I know the type of American which Lawrence Lowell represents; and I have not the slightest doubt that he was honestly convinced of the guilt of the accused.—Yours, &c.,

T. S. ELIOT.

57, Chester Terrace, S.W.1.

April 14th, 1929.

OBSCENITY IN LITERATURE

SIR,—Viewed from even so short a distance as Paris the controversy which has been raging in England on this subject appears much as did the famous Monkey Trial in America as viewed from London. That we should set up for England a different standard for decency in literature than does any other European country is so gross an absurdity that it can only be explained by supposing that we are in fact what other people all accuse us of being, a nation of hypocrites. Like ninety-nine men, women, and children out of every hundred I enjoy a dirty story and can see no reason why I should not be allowed to indulge my taste. I consider it a good taste, a healthy taste, and most certainly a normal taste as it is shared by practically all my fellows. I like it just as I like a fresh, blustering day; dirty stories seem to me to be tonic in some way. But I do not want all my days blustering any more than all my drink tonic.

Certain prigs consider some books to be "immoral" or "indecent." Morality we may pass by, considering no one knows what it is, and ask ourselves why, in the name of common sense, it should be indecent to read a bawdy book to oneself. There is nothing indecent in my sitting naked in my room by myself, then why should it be indecent for me to read the passage about the trespass of Onan in the Bible provided I read it to myself? As for it being indecent for a bookseller to sell a customer a Rabelais, it is, of course, as perfectly decent an act as that of the chemist to sell a preventive surgical rubber appliance. To be indecent is to be unseemly; it is unseemly that the Home Secretary should have inserted a hyphen between Joynson and Hicks, it is unseemly that Professor Gilbert Murray should have translated Greek tragedy into his priggish verse, but it is criminal flapdoodle that James Joyce's "Ulysses," which is a present glory of our English tongue, should not be allowed free access to every library in England.—Yours, &c.,

DARSIE YAPP.

3, Rue Amiral Cloué, Paris, XVI.

SIR,—To the ordinary citizen some of the discussion on this subject seems a little remote, though Professor Murray's distinction between theology and blasphemy hits the nail on the head.

One would like to see your correspondents sitting round a table with "Jix" and the Policemen, facing the facts and advising them what to do.

The facts are these: there exists an illicit trade in vice, with vested interests.

Money is made by the sale of stimulating literature which increases business.

(1) Suppose I have an interest in this trade, and write or publish a book whose sole purpose is to inflame its readers' appetites and so increase takings. Is the sale to be allowed? Hardly!

(2) Suppose, again, that my book has literary merit; that, though written for an anti-social purpose, it has beauty of form. The situation becomes less clear.

(3) Lastly, suppose that, pursuing the same anti-social purpose (the exploitation of uncontrolled appetites), I push the sale of some literary masterpiece for its coarseness or its innuendo. The situation is complicated.

"To the pure all things are pure," and to the prudish and prurient anything unfamiliar may be provocative.

The cure of the evil is not prohibition, but the encouragement of constructive and creative effort. A sense of proportion, an appeal to the whole gamut of human emotions, a view of life which is not one-sided but complete—all these are antidotes to vice; and all these are to be found in the great masters of literature and art, however technically obscene.

How can the Police Authorities be consistent, or what can they do better than aim at some sort of compromise, and the application of common sense to each individual case?—Yours, &c.,

A SOCIAL WORKER.

April 14th, 1929.

THE CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—In the debate in the House of Commons on March 25th, the Minister of Labour is reported to have said that one of the two chief causes of unemployment was "a falling off in emigration since the war which had meant an extra 300,000 to 400,000 on the labour market here." Without discussing the correctness of the figures, and merely mentioning in passing that other factors apart from migration are of great importance in determining the magnitude of the working population in this country, it may not be out of place to point out that the Dominions Royal Commission which sat under the presidency of Lord D'Abernon shortly before the war caused a special inquiry to be made as to the effect on British trade of migration from the United Kingdom. The chief conclusion of that inquiry was that the relationship between migration and trade was merely one of association, and gave no support to the opinion that there was a causal relationship between trade and migration. Active migration and active trade are merely two phases of prosperity, whatever may be the true cause of that prosperity.

This conclusion has been confirmed recently by the results of an exhaustive inquiry published under the title "Migration and Business Cycles," issued by the National Bureau of Economic Research of the United States, to which the attention of the Minister of Labour might profitably be directed. To argue that the small dimensions of emigration is a cause of unemployment is like arguing that the increase in the importation of meat is a cause of the increase in the number of deaths in this country, whereas the fact is that each is a natural result of the growth of population. The confusion of mere association with causal relationship is a common form of error, but we should expect that a responsible Minister would be sufficiently well advised to keep clear of this pitfall.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. SNOW.

Thornhill, Hayes Lane, Kenley, Surrey.
April 2nd, 1929.

THE MEANING OF BEAUTY

SIR,—May I point out that Mr. Herbert Read, who "cut up" my book "Armour for Aphrodite" in your last issue, might be supposed not to have read it, had he not first approved my general account of beauty and then gone on to reconfuse beauty with truth. This patent blindness to the bearing of an argument makes it possible that he had read, but could not understand.

He says that "a painting by Cézanne, or a Byzantine mosaic, or a negro idol," may not be "beautiful," and yet may be "great works of art." Nevertheless, he has just agreed that "beauty occurs when the appearance of an object forms an organic whole, of which the constituents so accord together, that the value of them thus grouped, seems greater than that of the sum of them considered singly." Obviously, it is as inconceivable for him as for me that a "great work of art" should not "form an organic whole, &c." Then if it does, it must be beautiful.

I admire many Byzantine mosaics, several negro idols, and some Cézannes. I may be wrong in the relative values that I attach to these diverse works, as he may be. I have preferred no claim to be right; he has.

Besides approving the fore-quoted account of beauty which covers both natural objects and works of art, he gives no less than three other inter-repellent definitions: "Art is imagination made plastic"; "Art is truth"; "Beauty is a conception of harmony and grace, originating in the Hellenistic florescence, &c." All three of these imply theories which co-ordinate only a few of the facts. My book is directed to the liberation of the modern mind from the prevalence of such partial views.

May I also assure your readers that, notwithstanding Mr. Read's inferences, the geographical distribution of those who tinker at a would-be science of aesthetics was known to me, as also that the victims of an already declining fashion still have numerical importance? Two corrections of fact: I "advocate" no "economy of taste." I have not intentionally withheld the names of those whom I quote, save when I thought they might be shamed by what they had written.

May I hope that you will pardon any defect in amenity which may have escaped me, as Mr. Read's tone seemed to provoke tit for tat?—Yours, &c.,

T. STURGE MOORE.

STRINDBERG'S "A DREAM PLAY"

SIR,—A great and experienced critic, like Mr. Leonard Woolf, has the mysterious knack of making the pen fall out of one's hand if one tries to contradict him. One has a difficulty in shaking off the rabbit feeling of the poor unlearned devil who attempts a defence before a packed court in the face of a merciless old K.C.

However, when I saw that Mr. Woolf counts August Strindberg's "A Dream Play" a failure, I was more taken aback than I have been for a long time, and was reminded of a rather remarkable confession of Mr. Reinhardt. He once said that, in spite of all his experience of the theatre, he had, on occasion, been completely nonplussed by Strindberg. It had happened to him that he had, in his own mind, absolutely rejected passages in Strindberg's plays, when first reading them in manuscript, only to discover, later, that in the actual production on the stage those very passages were infused with a strange power and a peculiar charm which had previously altogether escaped him. I may add that I am not able to quote here Mr. Reinhardt's actual words, only the gist of his statement.

Mr. Reinhardt's rare sense of the theatre will not, I suppose, be disputed by anyone. His sense of the theatre and, still more, perhaps, his success as a manager, must owe not a little to his professional ability of visualizing a play from the manuscript. Still, Strindberg was beyond him.

May I add how glad I am that Mr. Woolf is a critic, and not a theatrical producer. "A Dream Play," I dare say, is not a failure. I venture to think that it is a great play. I say this for the simple reason that I love it. But I can add, also, that it has been recognized as a great play by first-rate critics and producers in several countries. I take no particular pleasure in contradicting your eminent critic. But were it for him, a genuine delight would for ever be denied the English theatre-goers.

Is not a literary critic, however excellent, in judging a dramatic work in front of his fire, in the position of the gentleman who sits in an armchair in his club in London and confidently pronounces opinions on the strategy of a manoeuvre taking place in a distant and foreign field? There is, sometimes, all the difference between reading a drama and seeing it produced.—Yours, &c.,

ESKIL SUNDSTRÖM.

97, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3.
April 15th, 1929.

"SIR CHARLES SEDLEY"

SIR,—It seems ungenerous to cavil at anything in the excellent review of my edition of the "Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Charles Sedley" which appeared in your issue of April 6th. I may, however, perhaps be allowed a word or two of explanation with reference to the statement that "once or twice the punctuation of the old editions is so misleading as to require emending." The principle on which my edition is founded is that the spelling and punctuation of seventeenth-century texts should be retained, except for the correction of obvious printers' errors. Possibly your reviewer is not aware that it is now generally recognized that seventeenth-century punctuation is no mere chaos, as was formerly imagined, but a fairly coherent though flexible system, founded on a rhetorical, and not, like modern punctuation, on a grammatical basis. For a full explanation of this system I refer him to Mr. Percy Simpson's "Shakespearean Punctuation" (Clarendon Press).

Sedley's punctuation is very good according to seventeenth-century principles, and I see no reason why it should be changed in an edition which professes to reproduce the old texts exactly. In a modernized edition it would naturally be changed to modern punctuation.—Yours, &c.,

VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO.

3, Orchards Way, Highfield, Southampton.
April 9th, 1929.

NOT KNOWING—CAN'T SAY

IS not this the cause of most of our literary or journalistic floundering? I am convinced, myself, that it was the real trouble of that poetic hoser who, as the Judicious Poet tells us, failed so tragically in

"a ceaseless endeavour to find
Fit metre and phrase for the poems and plays which he
daily discussed and designed,
Fit words to express the unparalleled mess of the
thoughts that surged up in his mind."

No doubt his technical equipment was defective; he was born without an ear for rhythm; he lacked distinction of phrase and dexterity in construction; but, at bottom, the reason for his failure to express "the thoughts that surged up in his mind" was the "unparalleled mess" of the thoughts themselves. Like so many of us, he fretted himself into impotence about how things should be said, without first making sure that he knew what he wanted to say.

Let no one accuse me of putting substance before style. Literature is an art of expression. The thoughts and feelings of the poet are not necessarily deeper or more subtle than those of a commonplace business man by the sick-bed of his child; the difference lies in his power to express them. Indeed, what we have to say does not, perhaps, greatly matter. "Kubla Khan" says very little. What does matter, what is a matter of literary life and death, is that what we have to express, whether it be an idea, or an emotion, or an image, or the atmosphere of a passing mood, should be clearly and intensely realized; otherwise there will be no distinction, no sharpness of outline in the expression. We must know, before we can say.

This, surely, was what Rossetti meant by the "fundamental brainwork," which he laid down as the essential factor in the production of a sonnet. Rossetti was, if ever there was one, a poet of sound and colour. He got his effects by bringing to the expression of the eternal commonplaces—love, loss, the fear of death, the appetite for physical beauty—every technical device available to the poet; luxuriant imagery, cunning manipulation of rhyme and rhythm, varied pause, richness of vowel-music. He was neither a sage nor a prophet, but a magnificent craftsman; and just because he was a craftsman, he knew that he could not bring his tools to bear, especially in the confined space of a sonnet, unless he had first seen with crystal clearness, and in clear-cut isolation, the particular effect he wanted to convey. Otherwise there would be disproportion, blurred edges, and loose ends; the craftsman's hand would falter, because his pattern was imperfectly traced.

Most of us are in too much of a hurry to say. Like Major Campbell in "Two Years Ago," we write poetry, as we smoke a cigar, "to comfort our poor, rheumatic old souls," and we are so eager to find relief in expressing the "thoughts that surge up in our mind," that we will not take the trouble to focus and clarify them—and the "unparalleled mess" of our thoughts is reflected in slipshod and undistinguished verse. When Mr. Milne wrote, "I'm feeling rather funny, and I don't know what I am," he knew perfectly well what he wanted to convey about Christopher Robin's sensations; but the poet who is himself "feeling rather funny" must have an intense and exact realization of his particular shade of funniness, before he can give it effective expression.

We write stories—some of us—and because we have not sufficient imaginative penetration, or sufficient imaginative patience, to know what our characters would say in moments of emotional crisis, we fumble about with words "appropriate to the occasion"; and the result is a pitiful

inadequacy. If we cannot get beyond "thinking they would probably say something like that," we had better—much better—tear the story up.

Here is the real difficulty. It is not enough to put ourselves in the situation in which our characters are placed; we must know what they would say and do, and this means that we must not merely think about them from the outside, but live with them and in them; know far more about them than we put into the story. If Elizabeth Bennett's reception of D'Arcy's proposal appeals to us at once as right, inevitable, it is because the immortal Jane could have told us, without a moment's hesitation, exactly how Elizabeth would have behaved in any other situation whatever—at a Mothers' Meeting, or in a shipwreck; could have told us everything that happened to Elizabeth before the first chapter of "Pride and Prejudice," and after the last.

So we come to the double problem that makes the short story an art so difficult, so rarely fulfilled. The writer must know what went before the incident or episode which is his subject; from what relations between his characters it arose, and how they had been affected by them—otherwise he will not be able to show us human beings thinking and speaking and acting, but only puppets moving as he jerks the strings. At the same time, he must be able to detach the incident itself from its causes and its consequences; it must be sharply vignettised on his imagination as a picture complete in itself, or he will get his subject out of focus, and fail in that concentration of white light on a single impression, without which no real effect can be produced within the narrow limits of his form.

Perhaps we try to write history, and we come across an action of which the motives are obscure, or the consequences disputed. We are too impatient, or too much occupied with bringing our narrative into shape and polishing our periods, to think the matter out, weigh the evidence, and come to a conclusion. So we leave the question a little vague; or we take refuge in a "probably"; or we assume a fine judicial air, and say: "It has been conjectured by well-informed authorities . . . on the other hand Herr Stragovski asserts . . .", and plume ourselves on our impartiality. We were not impartial at all; we were either dull or lazy. Naturally, the whole passage falls flat.

Some of us are journalists—and the journalistic cliché is a by-word. Nine times out of ten it proceeds less from hasty writing—the cause most commonly assigned—than from loose thinking. When a journalist writes a column of second-class, second-hand rhetoric, leading up to the impassioned declaration, "The Kellogg Pact will be the acid test of the Locarno Policy," everyone can feel the ineffectiveness of the stale, slovenly phrasing; but the wretched man's real trouble was not merely that he could not think of a fresher phrase than "acid test" (and had no very clear idea of what an acid test was), but that he did not know exactly what he meant. He had a vague idea that Locarno and the Pact must be in some way related; but he had never thought out fully the implications of the Pact, was not very clear as to the precise effect of the Locarno Treaties, and so fell back on a phrase which would show him to be aware of some relation between them, but would not commit him to any definite statement as to its nature. He did not know; therefore he could not say.

I suppose the golden rule is never to put pen to paper until you have thought your subject out in all its bearings; never to pass a sentence until you are quite sure as to what it is meant to convey, and equally sure that no other choice or arrangement of words would convey that meaning so exactly. It is a hard rule! As I glance back through this Treatise on How To Be a Genius by One Who Isn't,

I am conscious of a certain "woolliness" in the analysis of Rossetti's conception of "fundamental brainwork." I bark my critical shins against high-falutin' phrases such as, "the concentration of white light on a single impression" (which surely only escaped capitals by the skin of its teeth). I am almost sure that phrase means something true and valuable: I could not lay my hand on my heart and give you my word of honour that I know exactly what its meaning is. Yet I see, vaguely, what Rossetti was driving at; the theory of the short story that surges up in my mind is a sound, helpful theory—only it is a trifle blurred at the edges. That, even more than any deficiency of vocabulary, is why I have not been able to express it aptly—it is a clear case of, "Not knowing, can't say."

Og.

THE DRAMA

NEGROES AND A PRODUCER

His Majesty's Theatre: "Porgy." By DUBOSE and DOROTHY HEYWARD.

"PORGY" the novel and "Porgy" the play cast a good deal of light on that problem of the drama and the theatre, and lend considerable support to Mr. Leonard Woolf's thesis that a great play is one that is not intended, primarily, to be acted.

"Porgy" the play is a dramatization of "Porgy" the novel. No one would wish to say a word against the novel. It is obviously written by a charming man, whose heart goes out to charming people living in a charming place (Charleston). The world is all the better for "Porgy" having been written. But no one would suggest it could be taken very seriously as a great work of art. The play is a dramatization of the novel. It is unlikely that the play should be an immensely greater achievement than the novel. In fact, it quite certainly is not. But, nevertheless, "Porgy," at His Majesty's Theatre, provides one of the most moving spectacles it has ever been my pleasure to witness. For Mr. Mamoulian has intervened.

"Porgy" is not about an individual; it is about a civilization; it is about the negro race in Charleston; it is about the negro race in the world; it is about modern civilization, and about the one race which has apparently avoided having its spiritual values blunted by contact with that civilization. Anybody who has had the most superficial relations with negroes would agree that they have been less ruined by machines than whites. What the authors have merely adumbrated, Mr. Mamoulian, the producer, has driven home with hammer blows.

The chief scene is a tenement, three sides of which, with a courtyard in the middle, give on to the footlights. In this courtyard and behind these windows live the whole negro race. Windows full of them, staircases full of them, courtyards full of them continually buzzing with rich, various, and on the whole beautiful life—Mr. Mamoulian does not put his stairs and windows there, to stand out in stark Reinhardtian pretentiousness, they are there to walk up and down, to look in and out of. Mr. Mamoulian can keep all his company on the move, backwards and forwards, up and down, all the time. No other *troupe*, except that of the Jewish Theatre at Moscow, under the control of M. Granowski (in some ways the greatest producer known to me), has ever been able to do what this negro *troupe* did. Hence, by continual movement, it becomes the universe. No one would wish to doubt the talent of Mr. Mamoulian's black company. They are charming, they are wonderful. But they are always controlled, without being ever for an instant Prussianized. And so "Porgy" takes on a significance which is hardly in the original.

The play is extremely difficult to understand, though, as it continues, we become slowly more accustomed to the dialect. A synopsis of the plot should certainly be added to the rather inadequate glossary in the programme. For it is very hard at first to identify even the individual

members of the extremely long cast. It is a great nuisance in the theatre to have to fuss about the plot. Nor is the plot important here, though it is necessary. The communal life is the thing that counts, the singing and the lamentations, and the humour and the games and, above all, the beautiful indomitable spirit of Porgy, the incarnation of Christian unworldliness and Christian failure, crippled and helpless, starting off in his goat-cart on an impossible journey to New York, to rescue his love.

Mr. Mamoulian is one of the most famous of American producers, and this is the first time, I think, that we have had in England any opportunity of observing his art. Any-one with the slightest interest in the theatre should take an early occasion to go and see "Porgy," and compel everybody else to do the same. Otherwise the play may well run, enthusiastically, for six weeks, and then collapse, which would be an outrage and a catastrophe. It is not often that in England, or anywhere else, we can see a production so perfectly realized as "Porgy."

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"LET'S Leave It At That," by Miss Jeanne de Casalis and Mr. Colin Clive (which has been acted by the Sunday Play Society), is very amusing indeed. The play deals with a couple, who, though in a sort of way very fond of each other, can never "leave it at that," and spend their lives in one constant bearfight. So far to the end of Act II., when one thought the play would probably collapse. But the authors produce an ingenious variant. The two separate in a fury "and think things over." Both have become broadminded, the husband has taken to modern art and the wife to golf. Everything seems fixed for a happy ending, when they begin quarrelling from the opposite points of view to those which they had adopted hitherto. "Temperament, not opinions, is what matters in personal, particularly emotional, relationships," say the authors, and, of course, there is enough truth in the statement to make a play. Miss de Casalis and Mr. Clive fought with immense spirit, to the delight of the audience, while Miss Buena Best gave a delicious performance as a very "superior" maid. Without suggesting Miss de Casalis is anything but a delightful companion, it was a comfort seeing her in a part that suits her better than the empty-headed vamps she is normally called upon to play.

* * *

Goethe wrote somewhere that as he grew older he kept meeting the characters he had created. Herr Wilhelm von Scholz has based on this his play "The Race with the Shadow," which is now running at the Gate Theatre Studio in a competent, if sometimes a trifle ponderous, translation by Messrs. Graham and Tristan Rawson. Dr. Martins, a novelist, is in the middle of a new book. A stranger to Martins forces his way into the novelist's imaginary world. Every detail of his life to date corresponds with that of a character in the unfinished book, passages from which Martins has read to a meeting of the local literary society. By degrees the novelist's world forces itself more and more into real life; the artist is no longer the dreamer, but a recorder of fate itself. What he imagines is reality, and the stranger's future lies completely in his hands. Upon this very ingenious structure is built up a story of Mrs. Martins' premarital relations with the stranger, and he and Martins fight a duel of wills for her and for the stranger's life. When Mr. Komisarjevsky produced the play for the Stage Society in 1921, one perceived that despite the subtlety and even profundity of its psychological conjuring tricks, it was first and last a thriller. Mr. Peter Godfrey misses this at the Gate, with the result that the appeal is to the intellect rather than the emotions, and it is questionable whether the play is strong enough intellectually to stand such treatment. For this reason the acting is in a very low and delicate key, and taxes the powers of the cast more than it need have done. Miss Beatrix Lehmann, as the wife, is equal to the task; the other two just fall short. But the

production should be seen by all good playgoers, especially those who, like myself, feel that they have probed Pirandello to his lowest depths, and found him not nearly so deep as they thought. Herr von Scholz will not disappoint them in that way, at any rate.

The P.E.N. Club did not do well to present Mr. Hermon Ould's play, "The Moon Rides High," at a special matinée. They had pretty and distinguished ladies to sell their programmes, and Mr. John Galsworthy to make a speech—but neither the play nor the acting were quite up to the occasion. "The Moon Rides High" is an ordinary triangle play about a psychologist who believes in spooks; but unfortunately it takes a deal more skill in dramatic writing than Mr. Ould displayed on this occasion to persuade a modern audience that a psychologist can believe in spooks. Mr. Ould's wayward psychologist, even as played by Mr. J. H. Roberts, was not convincing, and on that account the triangle situation in which his wife, jealous of her husband's absorption in matters of the other world, pretended to run away with the psychologist's old friend the explorer, did not prove interesting. Mr. J. H. Roberts put far more work and far more artistry into the principal part than the occasion seemed to demand; the best moments, however, occurred when Miss Margaret Yarde and Mr. Richard Goodden were given the chance to make honest fun. The play was preceded (by nearly half an hour) by Miss Ursula Greville singing folk songs which were beautifully accompanied by Mr. Maurice Jacobson.

"Volga Volga," a German film which is being shown at the Tivoli Cinema, is a spectacular production of the better kind—that is to say that, though the spectacular scenes are produced on a grand and expensive scale, they are always relevant to the story and do not, as in the case of most films of this kind, completely obscure both the action of the plot and the psychology of the characters. The film tells the romantic story of Stenka Rasin, pirate of the Volga, a noble and romantic figure, it seems—or, at any rate, so he is presented by Herr Hans Schlettow—who roamed up and down the Volga and into the Caspian Sea with a fleet of galleys manned by peasants who had suffered injuries at the hands of the Boyars, against whom Stenka Rasin waged war. On these galleys no woman was allowed to set foot, a rule which Stenka Rasin himself broke, and brought about his own downfall, by falling in love with a captured Persian princess and keeping her on board. The crew retaliated by importing a large number of ladies, and Stenka was forced to sacrifice his princess by stabbing her and throwing her into the river, but not before he had himself been betrayed to the Boyars. The story is dramatically told and well photographed, the acting very realistic. "Volga Volga" was preceded by a tolerably good English film of the circus, entitled "The Three Kings."

Among the, for the most part, undistinguished pictures at the seventy-ninth exhibition of the New English Art Club (at the New Burlington Galleries) Mr. Tom Nash's "Mary anointing the feet of Jesus Christ" stands out by reason both of its size and of its absolute sincerity. It is not an attractive picture in its execution, especially in its colour; its interest lies in the real force of feeling behind the design and the genuineness of the emotion which inspired it. It provides a welcome contrast to the large number of pictures here which are entirely devoid of any feeling whatsoever, whether in inspiration or execution. There are a few exceptions, among which Mr. Malcolm Milne's two small Egyptian landscapes and a landscape by Mr. Alfred Thornton may be mentioned. At the Leicester Galleries there are paintings and water-colours by Mr. Ethelbert White, and paintings and drawings by Mr. E. J. Burra. The most attractive quality of Mr. White's decoratively conceived landscapes is their sympathetic feeling for the English countryside: as Mr. Osbert Sitwell remarks in his preface to the catalogue, they should be an asset to the "come-to-Britain" movement. Mr. Burra is a young

artist with a considerable measure of talent and wit. These paintings and drawings consist mostly of satirical illustrations of certain aspects of modern life, but although he is at the moment mainly concerned with being amusing, he proves himself the possessor of an unusual amount both of imagination and skill.

Things to see and hear in the coming week—

Saturday, April 20th.—

Borovsky, Pianoforte Recital, at the Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Sunday, April 21st.—

Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, on "A Socialist Moral Code," South Place, 11.

Monday, April 22nd.—

International Grand Opera Season begins, Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

"The Green Dragon," by Mr. Jefferson Farjeon, at the Embassy Theatre.

Louis Godowsky, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Tuesday, April 23rd.—

"Requital," by Miss Molly Kerr, at the Everyman.

"The Garey Divorce Case," by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, at the Court Theatre.

"Rope," by Mr. Patrick Hamilton, at the Ambassadors.

"Warren Hastings," by Mr. Howard Peacey, Matinée, at Wyndham's.

Maurice Maréchal, Violoncello Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Shakespeare Birthday Festival, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Old Vic.

Wednesday, April 24th.—

Os-Ke-Non-Ton, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Thursday, April 25th.—

"Othello" (Verdi), at the Old Vic, 7.45.

Friday, April 26th.—

"The Shadow of the East," by Lucien Vernon, translated by Virginia and Frank Vernon, at the Strand.

Miss Maude Royden, on "The British Empire and the World—Is it Peace?" Central Hall, 8.

OMICRON.

EPITAPH

HAPPILY through my years this small stream ran;
It charmed the boy, and purified the man;
Its hollowed banks were my romantic caves,
Its winter tumults made my ocean waves.
I had no gold, nor silver overmuch,
But what its sunny falls disclosed as such,
And wished no gem, when eyes could here be bright
With the kingfisher's sapphire beam of flight,
Or the pearl shield that tilting fish below
Through arras of blue water-mosses show.
What need for templed lotus, when our stream
Enthroned the yellow lily? there the dream
Of placid Buddha might be as secure;
Visitant wings there were that loved the lure.

With all my years this pretty stream sang on.
I brought my Love to praise it. Love is gone,
Yet in that crystal soul her mirrored face
With foxgloves looking in still finds a place.
Even the Muse's "melody unheard"
For me is woven with this water's word,
Since here I sat to read immortal song;
The ripple played to that, nor answered wrong.
All that deep-sighing elegy might mourn,
Glad lyric hail, and sonnet-thought adorn,
The changeful rivulet from stone to stone
Enchanted into anthems of its own.
My travel then! my wealth, my dream, my love,
My Golden Treasury and Golden Grove!
Accept one weakness, let one pale shade cling
Where with so strong a life you run and sing.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

OBSCENITY AND THE CENSOR

THE letters from Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. Philip Kerr, and others in these columns have shown how important the question is which the Home Secretary has raised by the prosecutions for obscenity. The publication of "To the Pure . . .", by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle (Cape, 10s. 6d.), is, therefore, peculiarly apposite. The book is a study of obscenity and the censor, and is written by two lawyers, one of whom, Mr. Ernst, is an American. It is a great pity that the book is not better than it is. It might so easily have been so. A patient and long-suffering reader will find a considerable amount of very interesting information in it. If the two authors had been content to put down the facts collected by them in plain English (or American) and with the minimum of necessary comment, they would have produced an admirably useful book, or even if they had put the eggs in one basket and the cackle in another. In some books the amount of pseudo-philosophical cackle which goes to the laying of each minute egg of fact or theory is astonishing, and facts which would be invaluable if set down clearly on a half sheet of notepaper are buried with immense labour by the authors in a flood of words poured over three or four hundred pages costing 10s. 6d. The first and last rule for writers, publishers, and editors should be: "Cut the cackle."

Patience in the reader of "To the Pure . . ." will, however, be rewarded. Those who advocate a censorship of obscene literature, whether by Home Secretaries, policemen, magistrates and judges, or censorship boards, ought to face two or three questions frankly. What is and what is not obscene literature? (For surely, if the law is going to forbid people to publish and read obscene literature, the first essential thing is that we should know clearly what is meant by obscenity.) Assuming that the meaning of obscenity has been satisfactorily defined, how can a censorship law be equitably applied? What, in fact, is the effect of obscene literature on the minds of young persons and adults? If the test of obscenity is to be "corruption of the mind," what evidence is there that books do corrupt people's minds, and what are the kinds of books which do corrupt them? Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle have facts which throw light on all these questions. For instance, perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is the result of a questionnaire sent out by the Bureau of Social Hygiene in New York to 10,000 unmarried women, college graduates. The questionnaire dealt with sex problems generally, but some of the questions elicited information with regard to the sexual effects of literature. It is surely interesting to find that only 6 per cent. of those answering attributed "the origins of earliest sex information" to books. The books specified as giving this earliest sex information are not the kind of books which the Home Secretary wants to keep out of the hands of our Little Ones, but are as follows: The Bible, the dictionary, novels from Dickens to Henry James, Shakespeare, circulars for venereal diseases, medical books, the "Faerie Queene," "What a Young Girl Should Know," "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Again, only 10 per cent. of those answering the question, "What things are most stimulating to you sexually?" replied "Books," and the list of books and authors accused of

being "sexually stimulating" is very curious. Here are some of the authors: Havelock Ellis, Walt Whitman, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Lawrence, Herrick, Anatole France, Miss E. M. Dell, Miss Rose Macaulay, Hardy, Fielding, Rabelais, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Miss May Sinclair, Conrad, Freud, Mr. Hugh Walpole, and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

* * *

The book shows that we know little or nothing about the effect of books upon the sexual life of the young or about what kind of books have sexual effects. It also shows that there is no agreement anywhere as to the meaning of obscenity when applied to books. The list of books which have been persecuted or prosecuted for being obscene is really amazing, almost as amazing as the list, given by the authors, of the books which are banned by the public authorities in Boston. Surely this is the most important point with regard both to the problem of censorship and to Professor Murray's contentions. Is it just or reasonable to have laws against the publication of obscene books, when no one knows what obscenity means and no two people agree as to what it ought to mean? So confused is the issue that Professor Murray missed the point of a little letter which I wrote in answer to his contention that great literature is free from obscenity because obscenity destroys the higher imaginative values in its neighbourhood. I replied: "Would it not be equally convincing to say that great literature is permeated with obscenity because obscenity heightens the higher imaginative values in its neighbourhood?" Professor Murray now answers that "King Lear," Lucretius, Plato—and by implication, Chaucer, Swift, Sterne, Rabelais, and Voltaire—are not obscene. Quite so, but 999 out of a thousand people, including the Home Secretary and Sir Chartres Biron, would hold that these writers were obscene, and that is why it is just as convincing to write my sentence as his. Neither of the sentences is really true—which is what I intended to imply. What is obscene to Professor Murray is not obscene to the Home Secretary, and *vice versa*, and obscenity has nothing whatever to do with a book being great or not great. Professor Murray is wrong in thinking that I have a theory about the connection of obscenity with great literature. There are two elements which may occur in books—the sexual and, if I may use the expression, the excrementary—to which the term obscenity may be applied. Some great writers have made use of these elements and some have not. Both elements have a place—often a most important place—in life, and, therefore, in my opinion the writer should be able to deal with them in books. I believe it to be a positive evil to prevent people discussing or representing in books things which occur in actual life. But the topic does not make a book great or prevent its being great. In practice, we each tend to call obscene the sexual or excrementary element in literature which superficially repels (or perhaps attracts) us. For instance, personally, the sexual element does not offend me while the excrementary does. Consequently Swift seems to me a horribly obscene, though a very great, writer, while Sterne, who stinks in the nostrils of so many worthy people, is hardly ever repulsive and very rarely deserves to be called obscene.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA

India on Trial. By J. E. WOOLACOTT. (Macmillan. 10s.)**India—Stepmother.** By SIR CLAUDE H. HILL, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.)**The British Crown and the Indian States.** (King. 10s. 6d.)

THE Simon Commission is now bringing its labours to a close, and the time will soon come when it will be necessary for the British voter, individually and through his representatives in Parliament, to make up his mind concerning the next step in India's constitutional development. The whole problem, it goes without saying, is filled with difficulties, but the kernel of it can be stated simply. We have to decide two questions. How much will the administration deteriorate if more self-government is granted? How much deterioration are we prepared to face?

The latter problem is one which the individual must in the main determine for himself. The expert can give him little help. For a man who has given his life to India would be less than human if he did not beg us to conserve every inch of his hard-won progress. The more liberal our outlook, the greater the disorder we should be prepared to face. For genuine democracy in India can be built only upon a living public opinion, and that can grow out of nothing else but intolerance of consciously felt abuses. Of all the problems which beset the would-be reformer of India none is greater than to judge wisely the rate at which public opinion will grow into a political force strong enough to restrain and direct the tiny minority who have and exercise voting power and control.

But if we turn back to our first question, and inquire how much disorder will follow from some given change in the administration, we must ask those who are in a position to know. Mr. Woolacott has been for many years a journalist in India. As correspondent of the TIMES in Simla and Delhi, and as editor of the PIONEER, he was able from the lofty detachment of the Press gallery to watch the players on the stage below him. But somehow he does not write as one detached. His experience has left him a pessimist, and he attempts here to give reasons for his pessimism. His book varies much in quality. When he writes from knowledge and experience he is convincing. But where a subject is outside his own experience he falls into monotony, for he lacks Miss Mayo's genius for playing midwife to a Government report. He is at his best, for example, when describing the effects on public opinion of the scurrilities of the vernacular Press, or in dealing with that most mystifying of problems, the Red menace. It is a problem of which there appears to be no middle view. One is either a scoffer or a prophet. Mr. Woolacott is the latter, and will at least persuade an open-minded reader that, if he is right, a further weakening of government might produce in India disorder so terrible that the most liberal-minded would be unwilling to face it.

His chapter on the Legislative Assembly is full of interest, but one could have wished that he had been more detailed. Who are these figures to whom we are asked to entrust the country? How do the individuals appear to one who hears them day after day in studied rhetoric and the skirmish of debate? Have they the seeds of statesmanship in them? Which are only talkers, which more than talkers? Is their fault more than that they take too literally the adage that it is the duty of the opposition to oppose? Mr. Woolacott insists throughout on our facing facts, the brute facts of poverty, corruption, incompetence, communal strife, the existence of minorities separated by speech, outlook, religion, status, and treaty rights. If we would proceed with reform, these are obstacles which we must either surmount or avoid. They cannot be demolished by the simple process of forgetting them.

Sir Claude Hill, on the other hand, is an optimist. His only fear is that he may have been too much of an optimist. He was largely occupied first at Bombay, and later at Simla at the time of the Montagu Chelmsford discussions, with the possibilities of constitutional change and the advance of self-government. The last three chapters of his book, concerning which he shows a surprising and quite unjustified diffidence, are more interesting and illuminating than anything which

has recently been published on this question. He writes also both with authority and interest on the relations of Government and of British India to the Indian States. The earlier years of his service he spent in Hyderabad, Udaipur, and Kathiawar, and saw there government good and bad, old and new, conscientious and rapacious. In order to bring the princes into closer relations with the administration of the country, and to secure that the interests of their subjects obtain proper consideration, he suggests that some forty representatives of the Indian States should be added to the present Council of State, and should sit with it when matters affecting the interests of the States as well as of British India are under discussion.

Under the title of "The British Crown and the Indian States" is published some of the evidence laid before the Butler Committee by the Chamber of Princes. Until the report of the Committee is published no final judgment can be passed on the merits of their case. But it is clear that the States have, both politically and economically, a strong claim to more careful consideration than they have sometimes received in the past. It is all too easy for those who compound political panaceas without reference to the limitations of a map, to forget the inconvenient existence of the seventy millions who have no part in the democratic system of British India, but who find themselves being ruled by the decisions of its Parliamentary system. Their existence forms an additional source of possible confusion if increased self-government is given to British India. For whatever the Butler Committee may decide concerning their present political status, that does but give us the starting point from which they must inevitably advance, quickly or slowly (Sir Claude Hill fears that it can only be slowly) to a position of responsibility and mutual interdependence in some system of federation, if India as a whole is ever to be more than a mere geographical conglomerate. For until the States become active partners and cease to claim a position of privilege there can be no possibility of achieving either political or economic unity. At present they form the largest of the large group of minorities which baffle the efforts of the constitutional reformer.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES"

Rejected Addresses, or the New Theatrum Poetarum. With an Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography by ANDREW BOYLE. (Constable. 15s.)

THE edition of "Rejected Addresses" by the brothers Smith that has accompanied me through life, and been a genuine *compagnon du voyage*, is the twenty-eighth, and bears a date some irreverent youngsters may consider venerable, 1851, which nevertheless we in our ignorance had always supposed to be the last edition (the first being 1812) until just informed by Mr. Boyle that so recently as 1890 Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (a most industrious man in many spheres of sometimes misdirected energy) produced an edition for Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, that has, we cannot doubt, served other generations junior to ourselves as faithfully as has the edition of 1851 done us. There was another edition in 1869.

It was, therefore, quite time for another edition, and Mr. Boyle has set about preparing one, with, perhaps, though we say this timidly, an undue sense of the book's historical importance; a very good fault, if indeed it be one, in these days of hasty editing.

In this new edition of the "Rejected Addresses" the youthful reader will find set before him the whole story of this famous *jeu d'esprit*; how it came into existence, how it fared on its first appearance, what the well-worn old blunderbusses of the EDINBURGH and QUARTERLY REVIEWS had to say about it; together with the old prefaces to former editions, and the notes of the lively authors doing their best to keep the ball rolling from 1812 to 1851, and (for which we are thankful) with excellent reproductions of George Cruikshank's cuts, and (which we could have done without) a series of uninteresting portraits of some of the authors that were made such good fun of in the pages of this still celebrated book.

It is an honest bit of editing and will, we hope, have its reward.

The origin of this now venerable joke that has survived so many such *facetiæ* was due to the idiocy of a sub-committee of the Drury Lane Theatre, composed of three persons, a Peer of the Realm, Lord Holland, and two brewers, Samuel Whitbread, M.P., and Mr. Combe. The theatre having been destroyed by fire, this sub-committee had the amazing temerity to advertise in the newspapers for an Address to be spoken on the occasion of the opening of the new "Drury" on October 10th, 1812. What an invitation to Grub Street; both the old Grub Street of the "Dunciad," and the new and more fashionable Grub Street of 1812. Strange to relate only one hundred and twelve poets responded to this cry of distress! The sub-committee, composed as aforesaid, rejected them all as unworthy of the occasion, and in their distress applied to Lord Byron, then beginning to be widely known as the author of "Childe Harold" and the stinging satire "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and also as a patron of the drama, to come to their assistance, which, after his usual "humming and hawing," his lordship at last, and with sham reluctance, consented to do. Byron's "accepted" address may be read by anyone who wants to do so in his "Collected Works." The "Cui Bono?" of his parodists is much better worth reading.

When it became known, as it soon did, that the Peer and the two Brewers had rejected the 112 efforts of Grub Street and had gone elsewhere for their Address, a great hubbub arose on our Mount Parnassus, "as of cats that wail in chorus." Here was an opportunity for Wittings!

The Brothers Smith, James and Horace, the one aged thirty-seven, the other thirty-four, the elder a solicitor, the younger a stockbroker, were dabblers in light verse, and, what is more, Horace had written and sent in an "Address" of his own which had been contemptuously "rejected." Here alone was a sufficient motive "to compel the steel of a wounded vanity."

An outsider seems to have suggested to the brothers the happy idea of publishing under the title of "Rejected Addresses," a series of parodies of the styles of well-known

poets and poetasters of the day, purporting to have been the originals of contributions actually sent to the sub-committee.

It was a good idea, but when made there were only six weeks left to produce the parodies. Time quickens wits, and the "Rejected Addresses" were produced. But where was a publisher to be found? The authors, eager to see their witticisms in print, asked nothing for their labours save a share in problematical profits, but publisher after publisher refused their Addresses as contemptuously as the sub-committee had done those of the 112; and it was only at the last moment that one Miller, of Bow Street, Covent Garden, manfully agreed to run the risk, and produced the little book anonymously two days after the reopening of the theatre.

It was, as anybody but a publisher would have known it was sure to be, a success from the first, and within a twelvemonth fourteen editions had been called for and exhausted.

The lucky authors within a couple of years pocketed £1,000 as their share of profits; and a considerable time afterwards Mr. Murray, who might have had the entire copyright for nothing, was willing to pay £131 for the right to publish "Rejected Addresses" in future.

This is the story of the "Rejected Addresses" in 1812. What is to be said about them in 1929?

Mr. Boyle's table of contents enumerates twenty-one pieces, and of these it may confidently be asserted that seven are good and six superbly good, and that all of them, when read in connection with the author's prefaces and notes, and with the commentaries of contemporary critics, make up a volume of unusual interest.

To quote from the most famous of the parodies—the Wordsworth, the Byron, the Southey, the Scott, the Crabbe, and the Cobbett—would be ridiculous, for they are to-day as well known as any of the poems or productions of the authors represented. The worst is of Dr. Johnson.

Some people cordially detest parodies—Swinburne, for example, though he parodied himself, hated them. Even Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull" left him smileless. Tennyson could not endure a parody, and it is said that

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By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



Illustration

THE FRUITS OF OFFICE

THE General Election is in sight. Let us summon our sanity. And nurture our sense of humour. Three parties will seek the fruits of office. Whichever gains the fruits, the taxpayer is certain to receive the pip. All will magniloquently proffer us gifts with the money we shall have to earn. Mythical baits will be dangled to catch the ignorant and apathetic majority.

The poetic cynic will remain unmoved. Discarding phantoms he will carefully consider which Party is the worst; which the least decadent, the least grasping, the least dangerous? None is likely to advocate Thrift. Thrift is not an alluring bait. It suggests the reality of hardship. A honeysuckle cottage makes more alluring posters, and catches imbecilic votes.

Mammon is the god which all Governments worship. An acid and destructive god addicted to savage financial crucifixions.

But the commercial intelligentsia anxiously await the advent of a sphinx-like and spartan Chancellor of the Exchequer. Which Party will seek to offer such a saviour? Winsome Winnie hardly fills the role. His circus consists of indiscriminate gyrations. His sporting instincts are perverse. He taxes the selling steeplechaser and the Gold Cup winner both ways—win or lose—and levies a toll upon our ladies' silken outer clothes and underclothes. Such a mercurial temperament may seek fresh spheres of action. Winnie would be invaluable in revivifying a somnambulant House of Lords.

Industry is not a circus or an entertainment. Its sustenance depends upon grinding hard work. At present it is unbearably overtaxed. Parasitical non-producers are sucking its life-blood. No Party can dare to tax us more. So the business community will support any party which will produce an economical Chancellor with the wisdom to tax it less.

It may be a moot point whether this advertisement will sell a thousand pairs of trousers. But unless a sane financial administration is enforced none of us will be able to afford trousers. Which might be amusing, for a naked Chancellor would then be able only to tax our sense of humour. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s.

The new frontage to our Bond Street premises is unique in character. It has been specially designed by Charles Sykes.

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ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Lewis Carroll's parody of "The Two Voices" led to a coolness.

There are, however, two kinds of parodies—the one detestable and beneath contempt, such as parodies of such poems as "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but there are others which, letting you into the mysteries of verse-manufacture, are too good to be disregarded. Poets, even great poets, even John Milton himself, are none the worse for being occasionally laughed at.

As a rule, parodists are not lucky folk—they seldom live long. James and Horace Smith may be accounted among the lucky ones, for it is a good jump from 1812 to 1929.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION

Luther and the Reformation. Vol. III.—*Progress of the Movement, 1521-29.* By JAMES MACKINNON, Ph.D., D.D. (Longmans. 16s.)

THE subject of the third volume of Professor Mackinnon's monumental work "Luther and the Reformation" is the progress of the movement from 1521-1529. The book suffers from its appearance in instalments; this is an unavoidable result of its completeness; few, if any, of the writers on the great Reformer have read his works so assiduously at first hand. Luther has been described as "an erratic, at times a scarcely sane, genius." But his religious outlook is in many respects saner and more direct than our own. This, in particular, is the case with his criticism of monasticism and of the so-called vows of religion. In view of the far-reaching effects of this criticism in the sphere of practical life, it is as much a landmark of the evangelical movement as was the attack on the scholastic theology, the papal monarchy, and the sacramental system of the Church in the sphere of doctrine. In the development of Luther's thought "De Votis Monasticis" deserves to take rank with the "Commentary on Romans" and the "Babylonish Captivity." His position indeed with regard to the sacraments is ambiguous.

"From the historical point of view, his plea for a return to the primitive practice is a forcible one. He condemns the superfluous and meticulous observances regulating the celebration, such as the exact repetition of the prescribed formulas, fasting beforehand, the handling of the elements only with the anointed fingers of the priest, &c. He can find no trace of these in the original institution: and to transform this into a sacrifice is to radically change and vitiate it."

With regard to the Real Presence, however, he is what would now be called a Fundamentalist. "In this respect there is still in his thought a remnant of the magical influence of the super-added notions which he condemns so drastically in the current view and practice."

We stand to-day at a sufficient distance from the pre-Reformation Church to regard it rather as an historical than an actual fact. This Church was primarily a political and economic magnitude; and it is because it has ceased to be so that Luther's language is what it is. Few, if any writers, have had such a command of invective. The tract "Against the falsely called Spiritual Estate of the Pope and the Bishops" (1522) is "a furious blast of denunciation and defiance." The writer "swears at large." He is neither an historian nor a philosopher; but a religious reformer with an extraordinary gift of explosive language, writing under strong provocation, and bent on the overthrow of a regime which he regards as both unchristian and anti-christian. To this end he assumes the function of Pope, and sends forth his own Bull of Reformation. "Let this be Doctor Luther's Bull, which gives God's grace as a reward to all who hold and follow it." We are yet in the early days of the Reformation: the original movement was partly premature, partly arrested. With regard however to one great question, now before us, that of the relation between Church and State, the genius of Luther enabled him to steer a middle course between the domination of the pastorate and the divorce between secular and religious society. What a later age stigmatizes as Erastianism, in other words, the supremacy of the legislature, was, he saw, the condition on which alone a religious society can be endowed and established by any prudent commonwealth.

A. F.

CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE

A Handbook of Greek and Roman Architecture. By D. S. ROBERTSON. (Cambridge University Press. 25s.)
Classical Sculpture. By A. W. LAWRENCE. (Cape. 15s.)

THREE points of view may be taken by readers of works such as those before us. There is the expert ready to emphasize that in certain details the author is all wrong or has not read the latest article. Again, the general competence of the author may be inquired into; and, finally, if he is admitted to be competent, does he bring his knowledge to bear in a way to interest the classical scholar, who is not a specialist, or that "general reader" whom we so much despise and yet delight to capture?

We need not trouble about the experts for the moment; they will do after their kind. They will tell Professor Robertson that he dates Homer too late by perhaps two centuries or insist on some nicer calculation; and Mr. Lawrence that he is deplorably wrong in saying that, if the dying Gaul is naked, "the nudity does not correspond to Gallic habits but to Greek convention," when there is Polybius, surely an accessible author and (with care) translatable, informing him that one dreadful feature of Celtic war was that these wonderfully beautiful and tall men would fight naked. But we need not linger to dispute over details, nor to assure ourselves of the general competence of our two authors—a matter about which there is no doubt.

When it comes to the appeal of their books for ordinary scholars or still less learned people, first, we may note the abundance of illustrations they both supply. Either book will be a pleasure and an education to anybody who will study the pictures. Mr. Lawrence's are, of course, more readily intelligible; Mr. Robertson's are more varied—photographs, designs, restorations, sections, ground plans. And here we may note, with some satisfaction, how he acknowledges the readiness with which German scholars have given him leave to borrow their pictures—a happy sign, when one remembers how parted we were even from the scholars.

Professor Robertson makes no secret of his purpose. He is to describe his buildings, and he will assume "a knowledge of the main features of ordinary Doric and Ionic," and he waves the reader to a glossary in Appendix III. And when we read that "there are five consoles to each intercolumniation. Each is a single volute, resting on an acanthus leaf: the front resembles the bolster of an Ionic capital. Above the frieze come successively a convex moulding, with a plait-band, dentils, horizontal consoles, cornice and semae"—we are just a little glad of the glossary and the illustrations. There is no need to complain, for how else would you describe the thing? The book has to be written—at any rate is written—on these lines; it is, as it says, a handbook, a work of reference for all but the special student of architecture, whose use of it will be closer.

Mr. Lawrence's plan is different. He cannot any more than Professor Robertson avoid technical terms, but his book has a different feeling, and the experts may deal more severely with him. He relates his story of ancient art to ancient life; he expresses opinions, unfolds methods, and gives you some capital reading. You capture more personality here than in the austerer Handbook. He went excavating, this Mr. Lawrence, in Macedonia; and one foot down he found a Roman coin, and three foot down a British Army button—which proves either that the British were in Macedonia before the Romans, or that archæology is not so simple as you might think. He runs into philosophy, and human nature, too, in those Greek artists; marks of a period are very well, but still there is free will cutting across the best frontiers. Why will not genius conform to its contemporaries? He raises all sorts of questions in the reader's mind; here is one. He tells us the Greeks painted their statues; and he gives us so much stimulus to look at the concomitants of art—the nature of the stone, the faiths and finances of the patrons, and so on—that one wishes he had told us how they fixed their paints. He puts us right about the Venus di Milo—and all the same, one reader is going on

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with his adoration of her; catches Thorwaldsen making restorations with undue thoroughness and some inaccuracy; explains why the Athenians dropped having stelæ made, and how Sulla (of all people) contributed to our knowledge of Greek art by unintentionally preserving them. He might enjoy Mr. Seltman on the Alcmaeonids and the restoration of the Delphi temple, preparatory to a new edition. Altogether, he has given us a very human, readable, and profitable book; and the gallery of 160 plates he appends is a delightful addition to it.

BOOKS ABOUT FLYING

The Great Trans-Pacific Flight. By C. E. KINGSFORD-SMITH and C. T. P. ULM. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

Flying with Lindbergh. By DONALD E. KEYHOE. (Putnam. 10s. 6d.)

Twenty-Five Years of Flying. By HARRY HARPER. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

Above the Bright Blue Sky. By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS. (Hamilton. 7s. 6d.)

THE first of these books is a very good one. In the summer of last year, Kingsford-Smith and Ulm, both of the Australian Air Force, with two Americans, Lyon and Warner, as navigator and wireless operator respectively, crossed the Pacific for the first time by air. The flight was performed in the "Southern Cross," a tri-engined Fokker monoplane, in three stages or "hops": San Francisco-Honolulu (2,400 miles in 27 hours), Honolulu-Fiji (3,138 miles in 34½ hours), and Fiji-Brisbane (1,680 miles in 14½ hours).

It was a fine achievement, reflecting great credit on the foresight, powers of endurance, and skill of all concerned in it. Even if the resulting book has been assembled by a journalist from notes, the publication in it of the log of the journey would have made it worth possessing. But Kingsford-Smith and Ulm were well advised to tell their own story. They have not only recorded the facts, they have also made a sincere attempt to describe their mental and emotional reactions throughout the flight, and the result is an extremely interesting book. It is, indeed, the first of its kind. The description of the deadly effect on the mind of flying monotonously in perfect weather conditions over the ocean, "not a silent, swift gliding, . . . but a progress of tumult, accompanied every mile by the deep-throated roar of the engines," is as absorbing as the later account of "blind flying" through tropical storms.

The main purpose of the author of "Flying with Lindbergh" is to provide an intimate portrait of America's hero from material gathered on an air propaganda tour made in his company. It amusingly resembles one of our own books about living Royalty; very little character emerges from pages of panegyric, interspersed with mild anecdotes. That Lindbergh is a superb pilot we already knew; that he is also fond of playing practical jokes seems to be the one other fact about him which this book establishes beyond controversy.

Mr. Harper became Air Correspondent to the DAILY MAIL in 1907, and ever since then he has followed the progress of aircraft. His book, "Twenty-five Years of Flying," is, however, of very little value; he is so obsessed by the dread of boring even the least of his readers by a display of knowledge, or by imparting information of any sort, that he is driven to fill his pages with trivial anecdotes and personal reminiscences. Moreover, one feels that although he has lived for a long time on the edge of the flying world he has never really been in it. Some of the photographs are interesting, particularly the early ones, reproduced from the DAILY MIRROR and FLIGHT.

Mr. Elliott White Springs, whose book, "War Birds: The Diary of an Aviator," had a deserved success a few years ago, has followed it up with "Above the Bright Blue Sky," a series of slight but tall stories about the American Air Service in France. Mr. Springs writes very pure American, not always intelligible to an English reader, but what one understands of it is entertaining.

GREAT GERMAN SHORT STORIES

Great German Short Stories. Edited by LEWIS MELVILLE and REGINALD HARGREAVES. (Benn. 8s. 6d.)

In the Preface to "Great German Short Stories," the Editors, comparing recent and earlier standards of this art say: "the modern view differs considerably from that held by the early German writer whose full measure pressed down and running over exceeds by many thousand words the conception of the short story held to-day. To this exuberant industry must be attributed the absence of many characteristic examples which might have otherwise been included."

It would seem, however, that many short stories reproduced in the volume show so "exuberant an industry," such great length and wordiness as to be debarred from consideration, on those grounds, as short stories of the first quality. On the other hand, there is no mention of such excellent Austrian short story writers as Maria von Ebener Eschenbach, Ferdinand von Saar, Adam Müller-Guttenbrunn, Schnitzler, and Bahr, the three first having lived in the era of the German short story—the nineteenth century.

One looks in a short story for terseness that amounts to a hoarding of words and a swift dramatic quality. In "The Criminal," by Friedrich Schiller, these qualities are to be found. In this psychological story the author pursues his quarry to the inevitable and dramatic conclusion. The earlier tales include one of the world's great love stories: "Tristan and Iseult." From uncertain origins it came to Gottfried of Strassbourg through the French. The translation by Jessie L. Weston is skilfully rendered, although some of the magic of the Old German is lost: "They were one and undivided who but now were twain and at enmity. . . . Each was as clear as a mirror to the other. But one heart had they—her grief was his sadness, his sadness her grief."

Another well-chosen early tale is "Reynard the Fox," the satire of which is all the more biting because of the simplicity in which it is clothed.

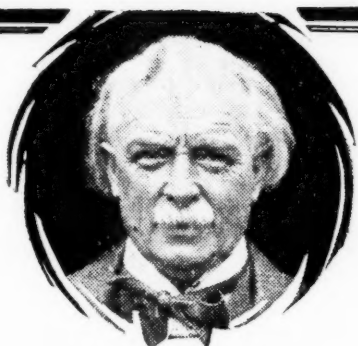
Heinrich Heine is represented by two stories. Although these make no great demand on the translator's skill, the peculiar essence which is Heine seems to escape and through no fault of the translator. The poetry and frivolous mockery which exist side by side in the German Heine do not come out in the English version. Much that is sly, pointed, witty in German does not "come off" in English. A passage of the poet's love for dead things recalls the old Heine, however, the German, for all that his life was spent abroad, of the Germans: "Ah, that was long ago. Then I was young and foolish; now I am old and foolish. Since then many a flower has faded and some have even been crushed. Many a silken robe has been torn in tatters; and even Herr Seligmann's robe has lost its colour."

Among the later stories is "Immensee," by Theodor Storm. Although the plot of the story depends on the shaky basis of a vacillating character, there are passages of beauty throughout which express a devotion and belief which is peculiarly German. In reading a book of German stories one looks almost as anxiously for a description of Christmas as one does for a fairytale, since a German Christmas inevitably brings the atmosphere of a fairy tale with it. Such a passage occurs in "Immensee":—

"Outside in the street deep twilight had set in; he felt the cool winter air blowing on his heated brow. From some window every here and there fell the bright gleam of a Christmas tree all lighted up, now and then was heard from within some room the sound of little pipes and tin trumpets mingled with the merry din of children's voices."

"Crowds of beggar children were going from house to house or climbing up on the railings of the front steps trying to catch a glimpse through the window of the splendour that was denied them."

Among the last six stories in the volume are: "L'Arriabiata," by Paul Heyse, a story of Capri, a modern story in the best sense, and "The Naughty Saint Vitalis," by Gottfried Keller. This is one of the most finished stories in the volume. In writing of a saint that converts fallen women the author deals with a difficult problem, but he solves it in masterly fashion. He describes the saint with humour, reverence, and a human touch. A gentle, quaint irony pervades the



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story that is wholly free from the mockery of an Anatole France; the Keller story is the gainer in harmony and delicacy.

One is aware of the difficulties of selection by the Editors for a volume of this kind from a body of writers who were dramatists or lyric poets first, and short story writers a long time afterwards. There is not a de Maupassant or a Mérimée among them. The "story" which represents Goethe is a philosophical dialogue. There are many pages of narratives of events such as "The Cold Heart," by Hauff, and "Master Rhenfried." One thing simply happens after another. Magic that should be swift and sure as the lightest bird walks through these two stories with heavy brogues.

Many of the stories do not deal with life on the basis of human relationship, but represent an escape from life, or life in a primitive and undeveloped form.

There are many fairy stories—as one would expect in a German book of the kind—and there is some variety of choice in a thousand pages of matter and good value for one's money.

A MIND DISEASED

Prisoners All. By OSKAR MARIA GRAF. (Knopf. 10s. 6d.)

TRANSLATED from the German, this book is the autobiography of a young Bavarian. Looking back over thirty-three years of a tortuous and tortured life, the author tells us that he has invented and extenuated nothing, and that his single aim has been to present a document of the times. He was born in a village near Munich. His father was a baker. He was also a drinker, who maltreated his wife. Oscar went in terror of him, and, when the father died, Max, the eldest son, became the despot of the family. Under his bullying, Oskar was goaded to rebellion and to all kinds of foolish and sometimes violent escapades, through which he wreaked upon innocent people the revenge he dared not attempt upon his brother. A hatred of work, discipline, and authority early inflamed him, and, while still a boy, he essayed various wild schemes, including some mechanical "inventions," for making an easy fortune. With borrowed money, he fled at last to Munich, where he lived for a time at the Crown Prince Hotel, and where, having had visiting-cards printed with the legend "Oskar Maria Graf: Author," he vainly bombarded publishers' offices. His life in Munich resolved itself into periods of work as a baker's or miller's "hand," when he had spent his money, and into days of idling and nights of debauchery when he was in funds.

The War came. After trying to evade service, Graf was pressed into the Army. He defied and sauced his instructors, and started his military career in the punishment cells. We have heard much about the brutality of the German drill sergeant; but Graf, considering his behaviour, seems on the whole to have escaped singularly lightly. He was sent later as an officer's servant to the Russian front, where matters now came to a head. He was ordered to flay and bury a horse. He refused, but was ultimately compelled to obey. The deed haunted him, and threw his already unhinged mind off its balance. To all inquiries, no matter what the nature of them might be, he could only reply: "The horse, the horse!" He was certified insane and put into an asylum, from which he was discharged after a time and sent home.

Munich again lured him, and there followed repetitions of his earlier experiences in that city. He renewed friendship with some of the anarchists whom he had previously met there, and, when the Revolution came, he was arrested and imprisoned. Several of his companions were executed, but he himself, having for some days expected the same fate, was liberated. The epilogue suggests that this deliverance served to clear his mind, and to purge from it that obsession with self which had been its undoing. The closing pages contain a flamboyant description of the writer's "conversion," as, now a travelling artisan, he wanders, one night of violent storm, amongst the sandhills by the sea.

Every autobiography is interesting. There are engrossing passages in "Prisoners All," and, as an eye-witness of the fall of Kovno or the Revolutionary disturbances in Munich, Graf writes vividly enough. But we cannot endorse

Thomas Mann's eulogium of the German edition, still less the English publisher's comparison of Graf with Rousseau. There is too much repetition of similar incidents, and too much inessential dialogue. Moreover, a style that attempts consistent fervency ends by falling flat. It may be that the book has suffered in translation. Certain of its scenes—particularly those of the author's childhood—have a real poignancy. But the total effect is a little theatrical, and the impression left by the book is that of a readable and rather naughty novel rather than the actual reflection of a mind diseased and healed.

WAR AND PEACE

Problems of Peace. Third Series. (Oxford University Press: Milford. 10s. 6d.)

Between War and Peace. A Handbook for Peace Workers. By FLORENCE BREWER BOECKEL. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

ALTHOUGH the scope of these two books is very different, they both fulfil the purpose of supplying the general reader, who is interested in questions of international peace, with information which could not easily be obtained elsewhere. "Problems of Peace," the third volume of the series whose publication was begun in 1927, contains twelve lectures delivered last summer at the Geneva Institute of International Relations, on subjects directly or indirectly connected with the League of Nations and the International Labour Office. Owing to the wide field covered and the excellent plan adopted in the choice of subjects, these lectures provide a yearly summary by a body of impartial experts on the activities of the League. They also convey a general impression, not only of the nature of its immediate difficulties, but also of its function as an organism affecting the development of international relations.

The character of the League's present problems is, for example, made clear in the three contributions on the World Economic Conference, Disarmament, and the Working of the League Council, which illustrate the contrast between the comparative sterility of the political work and the activities of the technical organizations. Sir Arthur Salter's account of the results of the World Economic Conference of 1927 emphasizes the usefulness of the League in a sphere very directly affecting the peace of the world. He outlines the tendency towards tariff reduction resulting from the recommendations of the conference, the extent of their influence on commercial treaties concluded in 1928 and the favourable reactions on international economic conditions. Such results, as he says, are laying the foundations of peace; but they do not remove the doubts expressed in M. Mantoux's lectures on the Working of the Council and in Professor de Madariaga's brilliant analysis of the rôle of the Anglo-Saxon nations in disarmament. Both these lectures demonstrate the limitations to which the League is still subject by the employment of pre-war diplomatic methods. There could be no more pregnant comment on the relative insecurity of the world than Professor de Madariaga's remark that "in the absence of an organized world community all disarmament conferences are armament conferences."

A very illuminating contribution by Mr. Delisle Burns analyzes the reaction of the League on the constitutional development of the British Commonwealth and the possible influence of the British Commonwealth on the constitution of the League. Amongst other subjects dealt with in this volume are the ratification of the Washington Convention on the Eight Hours day, the future of the League, native labour, and America's relations to world peace.

Miss Boeckel, who is Education Director of the National Council for Prevention of War, has produced in "Between War and Peace" an encyclopædic volume which is, as the sub-title suggests, an excellent handbook. It is primarily intended for the use of American peace-workers out of touch with national organizations. But it contains so full and impartial an account of the work and aims of both unofficial and official peace organizations throughout the world that it should appeal to a very much larger public. The comprehensive bibliography and index alone recommend it.



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ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE following are some new biographical works deserving notice: "Field Marshal Earl Haig," by Brigadier-General John Charteris (Cassell, 25s.); "William Wordsworth," by G. McLean Harper (Murray, 16s.), a new and revised edition of the book just published in two volumes in 1929; "The Life and Writings of Alexandre Dumas," by H. A. Spurr (Dent, 7s. 6d.), a new edition of a book originally published in 1902; "Umbala, the Autobiography of Captain Harry Dean" (Harrap, 7s. 6d.); "Enrico Cecchetti," by Cyril W. Beaumont (Beaumont, 5s.); "The House of Memories," by Barbara Wilson (Heinemann, 6s.); "All Sorts of People," by Gladys Storey (Methuen, 10s. 6d.); "Saints and Scholars," by Stephen Gwynn (Butterworth, 6s.), which contains biographical sketches of Charles de Foucauld, Mark Pattison, Professor Mahaffy, and others.

Two admirable anthologies are: "The New Countries," a collection of stories by Dominion writers, edited by Hector Bolitho (Cape, 7s. 6d.); "The Latin Portrait," an anthology of translations from the Latin, the original text being also given, edited by G. Rostrevor Hamilton (Nonesuch Press, 18s.).

Mr. Rodker publishes a beautifully printed and bound translation of Valéry's "Leonardo da Vinci" (Edition limited to 875 copies, 18s.). The translation by Mr. T. McGreevy is very good.

New volumes in Benn's "Self and Society Booklets" (6d. each) are: "The Nation and its Food," by the Rt. Hon. C. Addison; "The Wilderness of American Prosperity," by Le Roy E. Bowman; "Everyman's Statistics," by J. W. F. Rowe; "Twenty Faces the World," by Percy Redfern; "The Making of an Educationist," by Albert Mansbridge; "Parliament and the Consumer," by A. V. Alexander, M.P.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

The Young Milliner. By ÆLFRIDA TILLYARD. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Tillyard's novel is a *tour de force* of considerable merit. Obviously, her model is Jane Austen. Her period is approximately Jane Austen's, perhaps twenty years later, and her setting, plot and characters seem derived from Jane Austen. But the story does not read as an imitation, although it might be possible to take it as a charming parody. Mrs. Foxton, of Newlands Manor, in Cambridge, is left widowed and in straitened circumstances with four young and pretty daughters, Euphemia the melancholy, Sophia the studious, Clarissa the capable, and Laetitia the flighty. Clarissa prevails on the family to form a milliner's stock with all the samplers, scarves, fans, caps, &c., which the girls, between the ages of four and twenty-three, had worked for their mother's birthdays, and open a shop in the town itself. The shop succeeds, but both mother and daughters find release from trade in marriage. Naturally, a novel of this kind tends to be deficient in authenticity, but Miss Tillyard has made up this loss in irony. Her irony, which, in its more obvious forms, is implied in such phrases as "said the courageous girl," springs from the historical point of view. We look back a hundred years and find all the "chatter and emotion" baseless, or produced by causes which we have since laughed out of existence. The irony is more subtly expressed in the description of the balloon ascent and the contrast between the brothers Ralph and Francis. The dialogue is unusually good.

Houp La! By CROSBIE GARSTIN. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Garstin has evidently passed under the influence of Mr. Wodehouse. On his own ground Mr. Wodehouse is unassailable, but Mr. Garstin does quite well with the monocled young man, the spirited girls, the American financier, and the imperturbable butler. The story opens with a motor launch cruise among the islands off the Swedish coast; then it comes home by air to the estates of the Earl of Blades (Bill) in Berkshire; and finally it goes out to the Far East. The foreign scenes are effective with their poster colouring. The story might have been more firmly put together. The Baltic episodes, amusing in themselves, have little to do with the rest. The dialogue is sometimes long drawn out. But the fooling is gay and cheerful.

The Gorgeous Lovers. By MARJORIE BOWEN. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Bowen ranges over the Europe and America of the last three centuries (1553-1843) for the subject matter and the settings of her stories. The glamour of history is worked up into a paste and dealt out in generous blobs, and the colour is laid on thick. But when Miss Bowen comes home, England seems to depress her. She tries the macabre in "Florence Flannery," and the sombre in "Sea Piece—Tempest on the Cornish Coast," and studies of depravity and cowardice in "The Bishop of Hell" and "The Murder of Squire Langton." She appears happiest in the romantic atmosphere of old France, at Versailles in "The Gorgeous Lovers," at Paris in "Madelon—And all the Graces," in the provinces in a gruesome little sketch called "The Key," but particularly on the estate of Mathurin de Lionne, whither, in "The Luck of Madame de Maupret," the fair heroine disguised as a boy takes refuge with her estranged lover from the persecutions of Mazarin. Yet her best story, which contains a piece of real and original characterization, is "The Complete Lover," the scene of which passes in Carolina in 1770. The Italian Renaissance tale, "The Jewels of the Contessa Testanegra," is also effective and not overdone.

A Fine Gentleman. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.)

The Rich Man. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Sir Charles Grandison still survives, although he is supposed to have gone out of literary fashion these hundred years. Miss Tynan is concerned with him in both these novels, which ought not to disappoint her admirers. "The Fine Gentleman" is the better of the two. It is more skillfully put together and more probable. Part of the story is set among the English colony in the little French seaside town of La Vallée, of which an agreeable impression is given. Protectiveness draws Michael to Kit, compassion to Vera, love to Priscilla. There are also numbers of minor characters to illustrate Miss Tynan's simple morals, and an element of mystery is introduced with Mrs. Brabazon, a gracious lady with an unhappy past. The theme of "The Rich Man" is evidently a favourite one with Miss Tynan. Kit Robinson, son and heir of Lord Pendragon, is an immensely wealthy young man, but he detests money and the means by which his money has been accumulated. Therefore, he gives to the deserving poor. Like Miss Tynan, Kit can tell, by an intuition almost feminine, where the money is needed. When he sees Delice sprinkle a handkerchief with Eau-de-Cologne from the tiniest of bottles, he begins to understand the true state of affairs in Acacia Grove, Fulham. But it is not only Delice and her frail mother whom he succours. There are too many to enumerate. It would be hard to beat these stories for sweetness of sentiment.

Starved Fields. By E. INGLIS JONES. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

The scene of this novel is in Cardiganshire among the hot-blooded Welsh squires. Like others of these "regional" novels, it is rather pretentious and wordy, but it was meant to be a work of art, and it is not ineffective. It is possible to discern through the fog of words that the people are alive, and that their passions and sufferings are real. It is no exaggeration to say that if Miss Inglis Jones had combed out her prose, her novel would have been twice as valuable and readable. Had she consulted a dictionary, she would never have used "defections" for "defects" on page 10. But the strangest blunder of many occurs on page 34: "... and a ... sense had warned him against saying or doing aught to offend ... the sensitive soul *which he suspected of lying* within her fashionable bosom." The italics are ours.

Nemesis at Raynham Parva. By J. J. CONNINGTON. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Connington is clever and competent, but rather too ingenious. It was at least original to have made White Slave traffickers the villains of the piece, but is Francia's presence at Fern Lodge really believable? The ordinary reader, who has not studied the League of Nations reports on the subject, will find it difficult to believe that the agents of the Centre risk themselves in the most formidable section of English society on its own ground, the wealthy upper middle class lodged in country houses, especially in a family where there is an astute ex-Chief Constable. The other main point is that the third murder is too fantastic, beautifully done but utterly incredible. But, no doubt, these very incongruities and improbabilities help to make the story good entertainment. The characters lack warmth, and therefore do not stimulate us to sufficient sympathy with or aversion to their motives and actions, but they are adequately drawn. The sergeant is excellent.

TO THE PURE

A Study of Obscenity
and the Censor

by
Morris L. Ernst
and
William Seagle

The book is rich in facts and it makes one believe that a book of reference may also be vastly entertaining. Newspaper, book and theatre censorship form the basis of the material. Boston raises its mittened fingers in disapproval, New York puritans run riot with a sledge hammer, English censors sit back in their smugness and catch Shane Leslie and let Rabelais go free. *To the Pure* is as entertaining as it is wise, and because of the recent remarkable activity of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks the book is certain to be discussed widely.

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AUCTION BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

DECLARER'S STRATEGY

♠ 7 6 4		♠ Q 10 8
♥ Q 8		♥ A 9 7 4
♦ Q J 10 5 3		♦ A 9 8
♣ 10 7 5		♣ 9 3 2
♠ K J 9 2	Y	
♥ J 6 5 3	A B	
♦ K 7 6 4		
♣ 6	Z	
♠ A 5 3		
♥ K 10 2		
♦ 2		
♣ A K Q J 8 4		

THE hand set out above is one which well illustrates the enormous advantage that the declarer has over his adversaries—the advantage of knowing the cards that are out against him and the number of tricks which, in consequence, he may reasonably expect to make. It is this knowledge (denied to the adversary) which enables the declarer to assume and maintain the *initiative*; for his tactical scheme will normally be based upon a more exact appreciation of the situation than either of his opponents can construct. In the example given everything turns on the fact that the declarer (and only the declarer) is aware of the strength and solidity of the Club suit which he holds.

The score was: Game all, Love all. Z dealt and called One No-Trump; all passed. A led the 2 of Spades. How ought Z to have played the hand?

At first blush it looks as though Z can make only the odd trick, and a novice, playing the hand, would probably not make more. He would take the first trick with the Ace of Spades and would then lead out his Clubs, hoping for informatory discards. But the more informatory the discards the less would they assist the declarer and the more would they assist his opponents. Only through sheer bad play could they fail to take the last six tricks—the Ace and King of Diamonds, the Ace of Hearts, and their three established Spades. And a novice would then say (believing it to be true): "We made all we could, partner; they had too many cards of entry." But the Z who actually played the hand was made of sterner stuff. His analysis of the situation, as soon as Dummy's hand was exposed, was as follows:—

"(1) A has led the 2 of Spades; it follows that he has four Spades in all, and that B has only three.

"(2) A and B between them have the Ace, King of Diamonds, and the Ace of Hearts.

"(3) Therefore A B can at most make six tricks, and there is a reasonable margin within which I can take risks.

"(4) If I play the Ace of Spades, and lead out the Clubs, A B must make the remainder of the tricks. This course of action gives them the maximum advantage.

"(5) But until I have disclosed my strength in Clubs, neither A nor B can know much about the distribution of the cards. If the Ace and King of Diamonds are in different hands, they may well be led to suppose that my strength is in Diamonds. There is nothing to be lost, and there may be something gained, by conveying this impression.

"(6) It may similarly be possible to 'scrounge' a trick in Hearts. With a little luck, game is a distinct possibility."

These reflections disclose Z's plan of campaign. He took the first trick with the Ace of Spades and immediately led the 2 of Diamonds. A, anxious to exhaust Z's Diamonds before parting with his King, very properly held it up; and B, from motives similar to A's, held up his Ace. Z now led the 8 of Hearts from Dummy. Again B was placed in a dilemma; he had a suspicion that Z was "getting at him," but it seemed desirable to keep his Ace for Y's Queen. He held his Ace up, and Z, disclosing for the first time his immense strength in Clubs, triumphantly went game and rubber.

Z's play was very good, but I am inclined to think that at trick 3 B miscalculated. He did not think sufficiently hard about the Spades. He should have realized that Z can only make a second trick in Spades (1) if he holds the King (in which case A has led from four to the Knave), or (2) if he holds both Knave and 9, in which case A has led from K, 5, 3, 2. Neither of these alternatives is at all likely; and if A B can make three tricks in Spades they can save the game. At trick 3, therefore, B should, I think, have played

his Ace of Hearts, followed by his 10 of Spades. It would then have gone hardly with A B had they failed to save the game.

THE OWNER-DRIVER

IS THERE AN IDEAL TWO-LITRE CAR?

I HAVE had many inquiries of late from Britishers overseas seeking independent advice in regard to the selection of new cars.

Once upon a time the average Owner-Driver would have regarded any car with a four-cylinder engine "Ideal," but I know no car that would satisfy everybody to-day. Still, after driving dozens of new products in the last twelve months, I have no hesitation in suggesting that my correspondents might carefully examine the 15.7 h.p. Crossley. It seems within their weight and price limits.

Somewhere about a year ago, after spending a day in the Crossley Works, where I was permitted to examine every component used in the building of the new Two-Litre model, I told a friend this was a car in which I could place implicit confidence. He bought one and tells me to-day he is more charmed with it than ever.

But the 15.7 Crossley chassis fell short of my ideal in one respect. It was not fitted with one-shot lubrication. When I spoke to Mr. W. T. Wishart, the designer, about it, he replied that he had three or four central oiling schemes on trial. To-day I have received official information that one has been decided upon, and that it is available as an extra on the *de luxe* model at a nominal figure.

The system adopted is the Becalmic, with a tank on the engine side of the dashboard and a press button on the instrument board. I congratulate Mr. Wishart upon his final selection, particularly as the Becalmic is a British production.

What a contrast! One of the most expensive cars I have owned—"a Continental Masterpiece" it was styled—had over a score grease cups. Each one had to be filled with grease and turned, of course, by hand. To lubricate the chassis properly one had to run the car over a pit or grovel underneath. On the latest Crossley the touch of a button forces oil to every point on the chassis requiring lubrication.

It may be remembered that I had something to say last year about the clever design of the front springs—the result of years of study and experiment. The way the car holds the road at speed without "pitching," even when cornering, is a revelation, and an American firm, having had one of these cars sent out West to test the new suspension, has, I have every reason to know, given instructions to its designers "to follow the same idea."

From stem to stern this two-litre car is built with the best material, and if there is one thing better than another about it, it is the silent, flexible engine. With a Sportsman's Coupe body, holding three in front and two behind, with a "Sunshine" top which may be opened or closed from the driving seat in less than a minute, a safety-glass windscreen, and rear luggage trunks which may be opened from the inside as well as the outside, the Crossley 15.7 costs £495, and there is a coachbuilt saloon at the same figure.

A superfine edition of the same chassis, with the engine "hotted up," is available at an extra charge of £100. That, with a body built to my own fancy, would not fall far short of my Ideal car!

ONE MAN, TWO CARS!

I met four golfers last week-end in a Morris-Cowley open tourer of uncertain age and faded beauty. At the wheel was a crack driver, who told me that as his Bentley was in a coach-painter's shop, he had bought the old "M.C." for £30, intending to retain it as a stand-by for hack-work. There are plenty of secondhand bargains, and I am sure these are being picked up by motorists who intend to keep them as "spares" for casual use.

A secondhand car, taken in part-exchange, was lent to me for a few days recently by a dealer. The late owner told me it had been running badly lately, and he thought he must have got a "dud." The sparking plugs and magneto had never been touched since the car was built three years ago! With a new set of K.L.G. plugs and the magneto cleaned, the car put up a remarkably good performance. The neglectful owner had parted with it for half its value!

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motor inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

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A SERIES of four Lectures on "SOME MODERN PHILOSOPHIES OF HISTORY" will be given at the LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), at 5.30 p.m., on MONDAYS, APRIL 29th, MAY 6th, 13th and 27th, as follows:—
APR. 29: "MARX," by Prof. H. J. LASKI, M.A., Professor of Political Science in the University.

MAY 6: "CROCE," by the Rev. Dr. W. R. MATTHEWS, D.D., M.A., Dean of King's College.

MAY 13: "SPENGLER," by Mr. R. G. COLLINGWOOD, M.A., Lecturer in Philosophy and Roman History in the University of Oxford.

MAY 27: "HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHERS," by Prof. A. F. POLLARD, Litt.D., M.A., F.B.A., Director of the Institute of Historical Research.

Two Lectures entitled (1) "ABOLISHING THE ARCTIC," and (2) "THE NORTHWARD COURSE OF EMPIRE," will be given by Dr. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON at BEDFORD COLLEGE (Regent's Park, N.W.1), on MONDAY, APRIL 29th, and WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, at 5.15 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by the Right Hon. Sir Halford Mackinder, P.C., Chairman of the Imperial Shipping and Imperial Economic Committees. Lantern illustrations.

A Course of three Lectures on "THE RELIGION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN ITS HISTORICAL SETTING" will be given by Dr. STANLEY A. COOK, Litt.D. (Lecturer in Hebrew and Aramaic in the University of Cambridge), at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on THURSDAYS, MAY 2nd, 9th and 16th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D., M.A.

A Course of three Lectures on GOETHE'S "FAUST" will be given (in German) by Prof. JULIUS PETERSEN (Professor of Modern German Literature in the University of Berlin), at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on THURSDAYS, MAY 2nd, 9th and 16th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Dr. G. P. GOOCH, M.A., F.B.A. Lantern slides, illustrating a hundred years' stage history of the work and the history of the development of the German theatre, will be shown at the third Lecture.

A Course of three Lectures on "PROBLEMS OF PLACE-NAME STUDY IN THE LIGHT OF FIVE YEARS' WORK OF THE ENGLISH PLACE-NAME SURVEY" will be given by Prof. ALLEN MAWER, M.A., Baines Professor of English Language and Philology in the University of Liverpool and Director of the English Place-Name Survey, at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on FRIDAYS, MAY 3rd, 10th and 17th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. Sir Israel Gollancz, Litt.D., F.B.A., Professor of English Language and Literature in the University.

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SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Quakers), Friends House, Euston Road. Sunday, April 21st, at 6.30. "Quakerism as Adventure." Speaker: E. B. Castle, M.A., Headmaster of Leighton Park School, Reading.

LUNCH HOUR ADDRESS at Friends House, Euston Road, Tuesday, April 23rd, at 1.20. International Understanding. Speaker: His Excellency Dr. W. C. Chen (Chinese Minister in London), on "China To-Day."

FREE THOUGHT AND FREE SPEECH IN RELIGION.—The Free Religious Movement (towards World-religion and World-brotherhood) meets in Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, on Sunday Mornings at 11. Addresses by the Leader, Walter Walsh, D.D.

READERS OF THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM are invited to use the classified advertisement columns of that Journal for the purpose of making known their wants. Small prepaid advertisements are charged at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per line per insertion. (A line usually averages about eight words.) An additional charge of 6d. is made for the use of a Box No. Reductions are allowed for a series of insertions. Full particulars will be sent on application to the Advertisement Manager, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BUDGET AND SINKING FUND—MARCONI £1 SHARES—IMPERIAL CHEMICAL—COPPER—APOLLINARIS

NO one in the City is deceived by Mr. Churchill's jugglery with the national debt. No one has any doubt but that he has become so hardened by his offences against financial purity that he is now incapable of knowing when he has committed a sin against the sinking fund or not. The scheme which he inaugurated last year of devoting a fixed sum to interest and redemption of debt combined, was wicked in itself. This sum was to be £355 millions a year—advanced specially to £369 millions last year because the Currency Notes Reserve fell in. In his present Budget Mr. Churchill divides the £355 millions into £304,600,000 for debt interest and management (£288 millions for interest on ordinary debt and management costs, and £16,600,000 for interest on Savings Certificates), and £50,400,000 for the statutory sinking funds. But in the previous year the interest charge amounted to £311½ millions, of which £293½ millions represented ordinary debt interest and £18 millions interest on Savings Certificates. Surely, if Mr. Churchill budgets for £6.9 millions less on debt interest in a year opening with money rates 1 per cent. higher than they were in the previous year, he must be reckoning on the strong probability of having to raid the Sinking Fund in order to meet the interest charges.

The statutory sinking funds will, of course, be applied, but, if the interest charges come to more than £304,600,000 this year, as seems inevitable, the Treasury will have to borrow in order to "cancel" debt by £50,400,000. If the cost of issuing Treasury Bills were to remain over 5 per cent. for the whole of the financial year, the debt interest charge might conceivably be £10,000,000 above Mr. Churchill's estimate of £288 millions, and if the interest on Savings Certificates costs £20,000,000 (which Mr. Churchill estimated as an average a year ago) instead of £16,600,000, then there would only be £37 millions left (on paper) for debt redemption instead of £55,400,000. The opinion of Conservative members of the City is, of course, that it is better to have a Conservative Chancellor who raids the Sinking Fund than to have a Socialist Chancellor who would protect the Sinking Fund but who might raid company profits or large incomes. Mr. Churchill knows quite well that the votes which he will lose of those financial purists who would like to see the Sinking Funds maintained and debt repaid by at least £50,400,000 a year (the Colwyn Committee asked for £75,000,000 a year) could be counted on the fingers of two hands. But the consumption of tea in Great Britain is about 370,000,000 lbs. a year. If the market in election "majorities" is reflective of Stock Exchange opinion, it is significant that the first result of the Budget was a fall of 5 points in Conservative stock to 275 and a rise of 2 points each in Liberal and Labour stock to 253 and 86 respectively.

We understand that no information will be divulged by Cables and Wireless, Ltd., as to the terms on which the communication assets of the Cable Companies and Marconi are being acquired by the Communications Company. The Committee representative of the £1 ordinary and preferred shareholders of Marconi have, however, received a communication from Sir Basil Blackett, the chairman of the Communications Company, and the managing directors, Mr. Kellaway and Mr. Denison-Plender, to the effect that these terms are fair and reasonable as between the Cable Companies and Marconi. With this assurance the Committee is recommending the £1 ordinary and preferred shareholders of Marconi to refuse the exchange of shares which gives them only 10s. more in Cables and Wireless shares (at their par value) than the 10s. Marconi shareholders are receiving. Clearly, the Marconi £1 preferred and ordinary shareholders would be better off by standing out of Cables and Wireless for the reason that they receive twice as much in cash dividends per share as the 10s. shares—assuming always

that the Marconi Company continues to distribute its profits in dividends to its shareholders in a normal manner.

The new issue of shares by Imperial Chemical Industries was announced this week. It consists of 4,410,595 7 per cent. preference and 6,016,857 ordinary shares of £1, making a total of £10,427,452. The present issued capital of Imperial Chemical Industries is £65,745,661. The issue is being made in the form of rights to shareholders in the following proportions: One new preference for every four preference, one new ordinary for every eight ordinary, and one new ordinary for every sixteen deferred. The increase in capital is large, but shareholders have done very well out of Imperial Chemical, and on the terms offered there should be no doubt about the success of the issue. In a report by a firm of stockbrokers an interesting comparison is made between the market capitalizations of Imperial Chemical Industries and the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation and E. I. Dupont de Nemours, which hold dominating positions in the chemical industry in America:—

	Market Capitalization.	1928 Gross Income.	Yield %
I. C. I.	£109,403,011	£5,997,381	5.48
Allied Chem. ...	£132,498,714	£6,146,296	4.64
E. I. Dupont ...	£311,511,507	£13,188,847	4.23

This calculation takes into account the ordinary shares of Imperial Chemical Industries at 39s. 3d., the deferred at 18s. 1½d., and the preference at 25s., while Allied Chemical common shares of no par value are valued at \$274, and Dupont common shares of \$20 at \$176. It will be seen that Imperial Chemical shares are more conservatively valued in the market than Allied Chemical or Dupont in spite of the fact that Imperial Chemical is on the threshold of its career as a national chemical trust.

The reaction in mining shares has assumed even larger proportions than that in industrial shares. The INVESTOR'S CHRONICLE index for gold mining shares is now under the basic figure of 100, which represents values at December 31st, 1923. Tin mining shares are now lower than since the early months of 1924—their index figure having fallen from 151.1 to 144.7 in the last month. The slump in the price of copper and the set-back in tin have contributed to bring about depression in mining shares. We have on former occasions warned investors against following the boom in copper mining shares. An appreciation of over £30 in the price of copper since the beginning of the year was not healthy. There was no boom in the non-ferrous metal trades, and the Copper Exporters Inc. were certainly foolish to allow the price of copper to rise over 20 cents a lb. Apparently consumers in the United States got alarmed at a possible shortage—the Wall Street boom in copper shares was not without its alarmist effect—and a scramble for copper ensued. It would appear that consumers are now over-bought and that a falling market is likely to be seen for some time. While Copper Exporters Inc. maintain a nominal price of 24 cents a lb., "second-hand" business has been done at 19½ cents and 19¼ cents. Tin has come down in sympathy from £220 to £210. Tin shares, if the price of the commodity shows signs of hardening, should be worth attention.

The recovery of the well-known firm of Apollinaris and Johannis has been making further progress. The report for the nine months ending December 31st last showed trading profits of £65,225, equivalent to £86,967 in a full year, against £71,367 in the previous year. The ordinary shareholders are at present burdened with having to provide interest and sinking fund on the debentures and deferred interest certificates £51,680 a year. Hence, dividends are necessarily restricted. For the nine months the £1 ordinary shares, which are quoted at 12s. 4½d., received 1 per cent., as against 1 per cent. for the previous year.

